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MME. LALLIE CHARLES.

THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON AND HER CHILDREN.

19a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE MENACING EAST.

AMID the strife of domestic politics, the changing aspects of foreign affairs attract very little attention. Sir Edward Grey may devise and expound elaborate schemes for the regeneration of Macedonia, but his voice falls on unheeding ears. Still less do the eyes of the Western world turn to the vague movements that are quickening the nations of Asia into new and more vigorous life. The echoes of the thunder of Nogi's guns, that marked the first serious reverse met with by the white race in their onward march across Asia, have long since died away. The West has grown introspective once more. Social problems absorb the minds of its eager multitudes. They are loth to realise the new perils arising in the oldest of the Continents, and reluctant to admit that the awakening of Asia can have any real and definite relation to their own future. Will the revival of nationalism and the spread of Western knowledge in Asia seriously affect the continuous development of European nations? That is a problem of vital importance at the present juncture. It should always be at the back of the mind of every thinking man. That Mongol hordes will again overrun the Western world, that the green banners of Islam will again be carried to the shores of the Atlantic, is, of course, an unworthy and impossible suggestion. But that the wave of Western domination which has passed steadily across Asia may gradually be driven back is by no means so improbable. Japan has been admitted without reserve into the comity of nations. No touring admiral is likely to write another book on "The Break-Up of China." Even the dry bones of desiccated Persia are stirring, while in India the increasing demands of the educated leaven of the population form a constant embarrassment to British control. At the back of these symptoms lie the portents of a new unification of the Mahomedan world, which may have very grave and far-reaching consequences.

How far the paramount position of the white races over large areas in Asia is destined to be maintained is a question about which it is at present useless to speculate. What is far more near and apparently more certain is a Yellow Peril of quite another kind. The real menace of the East to-day lies in its possibilities of industrial competition. Half a century ago the entry of Oriental nations into the markets controlled by Western manufacturers was hardly dreamed of. With the opening of the twentieth century it has become a very visible reality. The forests of factory chimneys at Bombay and Ahmedabad may well fill Lancashire with serious apprehension. Formerly India was content to spin yarn

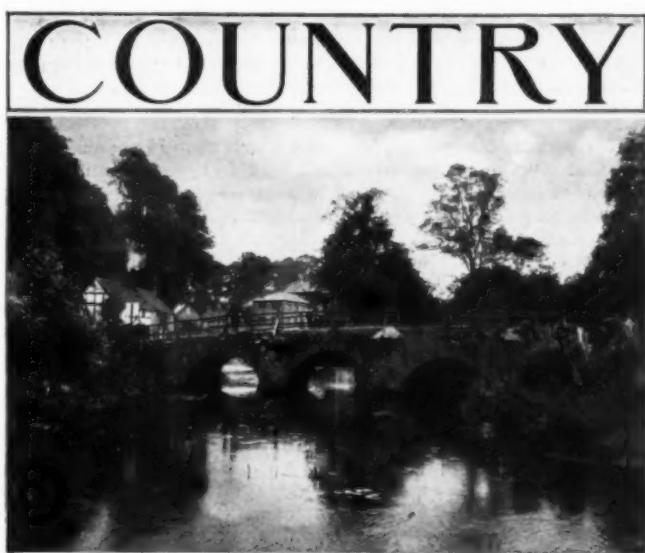
for the hand-looms of China, but now she is beginning to weave cloth for her own people. China is starting cotton-spinning mills near her own cotton-fields. Japan has already developed great cotton manufactures, and is making desperate efforts to supplant European products in the Middle Kingdom. The mineral resources of India and China are only now beginning to be drawn upon. No one can yet foresee the possible results of the opening up of China's almost illimitable stores of coal and iron. If India has not yet fully learned the secret of continuous industrial labour, the Chinese grasped it long ago. They are the most industrious people in the world, and they can "under-live" any other race. That they will absorb Manchuria, and eventually hold the rich plains and valleys in the north as far as Lake Baikal by sheer force of numbers, is probably a foregone conclusion. Lord Salisbury said long ago that he refused to believe that a nation of 450,000,000 people, which had maintained its solidarity for thousands of years, could ever become moribund; and he spoke with his customary keen discernment. The Chinese are not moribund, and are only now beginning to realise their vast potentialities. The Japanese have already found themselves, and are chiefly held in check by their own limited resources. The people of India are divided by racial and religious animosities, and their progress may be less rapid; but they, too, are gradually arriving at a cohesion which may in the end prove perplexing almost beyond solution.

What will be the effect upon Europe when these Oriental nations arise once more in their strength, as there seems every reason to believe they assuredly will? What will Europe do when to the fleet and army of Japan is added an array of Chinese battleships and a strong Chinese Army, when China weaves her own cotton, when Indian mills are clothing the masses of the population of the Dependency, when Asia seeks to bid Europe to cease from the pleasant task of dividing her territories into spheres of influence and spheres of interest and neutral zones, and all the rest of the phrases beloved of diplomatists? These things may not come fully in our time, but they are no longer idle dreams. No doubt the balance will be readjusted in ways that are not at present visible. No doubt, the forceful ingenuity of the European nations will devise other outlets for their energies and so redress the displacement of large portions of their menaced industries. But it is tolerably clear that at no distant period the East will not only be supplying its own markets with many products now purchased from the West, but will also claim and insist upon the privilege of competing upon neutral ground. We shall be fortunate if, when that day arrives, the Western nations have held their own with no diminution of material prosperity, no lowering of the standard of comfort and no loss of high ideals. Yet the outlook need not be regarded with undue pessimism. If the white races have their unchangeable limits, they have the advantage of a prolonged start in the race. They can rule themselves: the Asiatic peoples still need rulers. Even the representative institutions of Japan are a sham, and the country is really controlled by a small oligarchy. The nations that are really self-governing are probably destined to direct the vital issues of the world for a long time to come. All that is contended here is that the awakening of the East is a factor too often disregarded in current politics. However much it may be retarded, it will not tend to make life easier. The entry of swarming myriads of simple coloured folk, content with little reward, into competition with the costly labour of Europe, must produce, for a time at least, conditions of greater stress. The more need, therefore, to be thrifty in our national expenditure, and to note the possibilities of the cloud in the East while it is still no larger than a man's hand. To believe that the future contains any prospect of coloured domination would be to despair of the future of humanity. Such a contingency is not here suggested. What is urged is that ever since Vasco da Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, Europe has been to a considerable and constantly increasing degree dependent upon its ability to dominate Asia. That ability is diminishing, and there may come a time when it may dwindle and even decay. Meanwhile, Asia is learning to develop her resources, and grows less dependent upon Europe. The reflex influence of these changing tendencies may in the long run make itself felt in every cottage in the land.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Lytton with her children. The Countess is the daughter of the late Sir Trevor Chichele-Plowden, and her marriage to the Earl of Lytton took place in 1902.

** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



• NOTES •

EASTER this year will with many people be devoted to political campaigning. Mr. Asquith returned from Biarritz with a rearrangement of the Ministry in his pocket which necessitates many appeals to constituents. Much has been said of the wisdom of the new Premier's choice; but those who stand apart from political parties are well aware that a number of the appointments made have been rather owing to pressure than to choice. It would be invidious to say which of those now under consideration can be so described. From the political point of view the most noteworthy appointment is that of Mr. Lloyd-George, who, at forty-five—an extremely youthful age in Parliament—has been made Chancellor of the Exchequer. His career has been almost meteoric. His successor at the Board of Trade, Mr. Winston Churchill, is another example of early success; few men have attained to Cabinet rank at the age of thirty-four. Mr. F. D. Acland, Colonel Seely and Mr. Runciman are further exemplifications of Mr. Asquith's practical belief in the adage that youth will be served.

Parliamentary contests will also be caused by the elevation of Mr. John Morley and Sir Henry Fowler to the peerage. Mr. Morley has naturally had to submit to a certain amount of good-humoured chaff on the occasion of his having accepted a peerage; but nobody in reality considers it other than most fitting. Mr. Morley is no longer the extremist he was in his hot youth, and he perceives that the gilded Chamber possesses a serenity of atmosphere well suited to those whose advancing years make them less ardent for political strife. Mr. Morley, for a long time past, has kept aloof from controversy, and it is understood that he has been so closely engaged in the work of the India Office that his interest has been weakened in many of the burning questions of the day. Sir Henry Fowler, too, is not so young as he once was, and a peerage is the legitimate reward of his long political service. In one way it is extremely fortunate that the Easter holidays and the Cabinet crisis have happened simultaneously. The House of Commons in a very short time now will get to work under its new Premier.

Lord Carrington, who always takes the most sanguine view possible of the working of the Small Holdings Act, has been giving a summary of results to a number of his friends at Wellingborough. He says that now 210,000 acres have been applied for. This would represent a belt of land a mile wide extending from Berwick-on-Tweed to the English Channel. He also asserts that, as far as the information in possession of the Board of Agriculture goes, the applicants are eminently suited to become small holders, and just the class that the Act was passed to benefit. In Dorsetshire 206 applicants possess £14,000 in cash, besides stock and implements; 140 applicants in Hertfordshire have £11,500; 130 from Herefordshire £9,000; 180 from Cheshire £26,895. Lord Carrington estimates that the applicants in these counties could, on an average, bring a capital of about £5 an acre to the land, and that certainly is not too much; double that sum would have been a more reasonable figure. In a parish in one of the Eastern Counties there were thirty-one applicants for 500 acres, and they had a total capital of £2,850, which is just over £5 an acre. Lord Carrington also gave the following figures: The acreage of land in small holdings on Crown lands before Michaelmas, 1906,

was 800 acres in forty-four holdings; now there are 3,913 acres let for small holdings, and another 800 acres will be surrendered to small holders by Lady Day, 1909. By this time next year he hopes there will be 5,000 acres of Crown lands let for small holdings. The figures are extremely interesting, and we can only hope that the results will satisfy Lord Carrington's optimistic hopes.

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, at the dinner of the Parliamentary Press Gallery on Friday night, awarded Mr. A. J. Balfour chief place among makers of raw material out of which reporters fabricate their wares. The Leader of the Opposition was luckily in a position to receive this piece of chaff with the utmost good nature. No one except the statistician would have thought of it. Mr. Balfour, though a frequent, is not a loquacious speaker. Neither those who agree with him nor those who disagree have cause to be wearied of his talk. Least of all was this the case with the gentlemen of the Press whose guest he was on Friday night. This is the opinion of the Parliamentary reporter, and there could not be a more impartial judge. In comparison with him all others are amateurs. He subjects speeches to a practical criticism entirely his own, and it is no more than the truth to say that no other country in the world could get together such an efficient team of Parliamentary reporters as foregathered in the Waldorf Hotel to pass the time away as they did in the Golden Age.

STRANGE SPRING.

O far sweet England! in your lanes
Familiar flowers begin to blow;
The tangled hedges break and show
A merry green; tender strains
Blackbird and tomtit, wren and thrush
Call to their mates from tree and bush.
Here unknown verdure to the earth
Returns, strange songs are on the air,
As I in grateful wonder stare
At Spring's miraculous new birth;
But in my heart I bear and see
The robin on my damson tree.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

Pittsburg, April 2nd, 1908.

Advocates and opponents alike of Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill ought to study with care the report of the Surrey Public-house Trust, on which Lord Farrer has just been making some useful comments. We had occasion to show in these pages some time ago pictures of the Trust Public-houses in Hertfordshire, and we asserted at the time from personal inspection that these public-houses were answering a legitimate demand on the part of the public. They offered clean rooms, sound refreshments at moderate prices and adequate service to the vast number of people who emerged from London for week-end holiday and business purposes. In every case the supply of non-alcoholic liquors and of food was growing, owing to the fact that the managers were paid a percentage on the sales of this kind, while they gained nothing from any increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors. Practically the same thing has happened in Surrey. Last year the Trust made a net profit of £255 18s. 6d., as against a net loss of £195 0s. 6d. in 1906. The increase is easily accounted for, since the receipts from non-alcoholic drink and food during the year exceeded the receipts from intoxicating liquor by 49 per cent. Here, then, is the way open to true temperance reform. The facts point to an improvement in the habits of those who frequent public-houses, achieved not by the "dragooning" force of an Act of Parliament, but by the greater power of persuasion.

Anything Mr. Lloyd-George says on financial matters must be deserving of attention since he has been made Chancellor of the Exchequer. It, therefore, deserves to be noted that in an interview with M. Raymond Recouly, the London correspondent of the *Temps*, he has declared that the new Government will spare no effort to get the scheme of Old Age Pensions through. He scorns the idea that we have not money enough by saying that our financial position is excellent, and much better than that of many a Protectionist country. Our Budgets leave a surplus, our debt has been progressively diminishing and so, he says, it will be easy to find the necessary money. This, of course, is a matter of opinion, and Mr. Lloyd-George is entitled to hold his own views. The student of Eastern problems asserts that a time is rapidly approaching when there will be very heavy demands on the national purse, and they give the prudent advice that we should save rather than spend in anticipation of what is to come. After all, the scheme of Old Age Pensions is only an alternative to Poor Law Relief—it is that and nothing more. And we very much doubt if even the popularity of Mr. Lloyd-George will be able to recommend a scheme to the country that is likely to cost at least £30,000,000.

Much energy has been spent during the past week in criticising the biography of John Thaddeus Delane—perhaps the very greatest of modern editors. Unfortunately, the work of writing his life was handed over to a relative and friend, who has achieved the remarkable result of making even the story of Delane's career dull. Those who went to search the pages for good stories and sayings have been greatly disappointed. What has been proved, if it needed proving, is that the influence that *The Times* possessed in the days of Delane rested on a solid foundation. The great editor was constantly in communication with the men of light and leading in his time, as is testified by letters from Prime Ministers and statesmen and celebrities of all kinds. He used his knowledge with the discretion and wisdom of a mind that could be bold and decided without rashness, and exerted caution and circumspection without missing any legitimate opening for dash. But the result goes far to show that the popular conception of an editor's life is wrong. It seldom contains much incident that will stand narration. Mr. Barrie, if we are not mistaken, was once commissioned to write the life of "Sandy" Russell of the *Scotsman*. But he never did it, because when he looked into the matter he found that there was not proper material for the biography. So it must be, happily for them, with most editors.

A Cambridge correspondent writes: "Invitations have recently been issued for a pleasant function which takes place in Trinity after the May term is over. The Master and Fellows invite those who came up in certain years and whose names are still on the books—this time the years are 1894 to 1898—to dine and stay a night in college. Dinner is the chief but only one of many features of an entertainment which is really an epitome of life in college. The returned wanderer may sleep in his old room, he may walk in the Fellow's Garden—which is more than he could do in his undergraduate days—he may visit the Master at the Lodge or go and smoke in a lecture-room—the latter an incongruous and disrespectful proceeding. Finally, if he desires to add a poignant touch of verisimilitude he may face the rigours of an early chapel before his departure on the following day. In order that there should be room for the guests to sleep in college, it is of course necessary that the dinner should be held after term is over. The illusion of restored youth is thereby enhanced, for the visitors will have the place to themselves as of old, and may imagine themselves still in *statu pupillari*. This pretence would surely be made easier if caps and gowns had to be worn; academic dress is, however, optional, and the absence of it will not involve the passing of six and eightpence into the proctorial pocket."

Some of the notices of that remarkable old sporting parson of the Westmorland Fells, the Rev. Edwards Reynolds, worthy of a place in history with the yet more famous Parson Jack Russell of the West Country, read as if his forty years of office as Master of the Coniston were something like a record. An uncommon length of Mastership of course it is, but surpassed by many others. In our own day there is Lord Portman, who has lately celebrated his jubilee as M.F.H. Then in the past we find, not to mention several others, Mr. Farquharson hunting the Cattistock for over sixty years, Mr. John Lawrence, Master of the Llangibby for sixty-two years, and, going back yet further again, in Mr. Reynolds's own neighbouring county of Cumberland, there is record of a very fine old sportsman, Mr. John Crozier, who is said to have hunted the Blethcara for close on seventy years. It need not be said that these instances are not mentioned with any intention of detracting from the remarkable achievements of the late Mr. Reynolds, who was a very fine lawn tennis player and skater in addition to his other notable qualities. Most notable of all, he is spoken of by one of his kindly critics as "best known and best loved of all men in the Lake Country." Substituting "West" for "Lake" the same epitaph might stand for that other hunting parson with whom we have compared him.

There is scarcely anyone of appreciative palate who does not like plovers' eggs, and it is a common cry that the green plovers' numbers are suffering sad decrease in consequence. Possibly that cry is a little overdone. In one of the leaflets of the Board of Agriculture we find the decrease treated so much as a matter of course that a supposed increase of wire-worms and leather-jackets is attributed to it. As a matter of fact, it is not at all a bad thing for the good of the stock if the first laid eggs are taken, for very often these, if left, become frosted and spoilt, whereas taking them induces the birds to lay again when the weather is milder. However that may be, a fact which most people miss altogether is that there are other wild birds besides the plover whose eggs are excellent eating. The wood-pigeon's eggs are good, and he is as destructive a bird as the plover is helpful to agriculture. Moorhens' eggs, again, are very well flavoured, and the eating of one of them is the eating of a

potential eater of much pheasants' food and perhaps some trout ova. We neglect obvious opportunities of varying our menus. A fashion of eating wood-pigeons' eggs, both here and on the Continent, would soon help to bring their numbers down.

Nowhere does spring lag more slowly than in the marshland of East Anglia, for the persistent winds blowing from the sea check vegetation and prevent the enthusiasm of wild things from becoming excellent and precocious. Yet in some cases it is irrepressible. Though the English frog is not so loud a minstrel as his American brother (whom we pictured and described last week), his persistent and not unmelodious croak may now be heard in the ditches. His courtship is done in fear and fervour, for ravenous sea-birds swing up and down the ditches ready to pounce on the unwary, and therefore even when froggie would a-wooing go he keeps a vigilant look-out, and with the appliances of his strange body dives down to the mud. That his care is not always successful is proved by the bones on the bank. The voices of wild birds, that of the flashing peewit and the screaming fowl from the sea, tell that they are beginning at last to think of their domestic duties. The marsh-marigold glowing by the water-side, catkins on the willow, the unfolding buds of rose and bramble tell how soon the bare earth will be once more clothed with vegetation.

EASTER LILIES.

Easter lilies fair and sweet
Fading in a London street,
Piled in market-basket high,
Blossom by blossom close they lie.

Their lovely petals pure and fair
Send fragrance to the stagnant air;
The city's toll of dust and soot
Falls softly on each tender shot.

Torn from their fresh and shady bed
Ere from their hearts the dew had fled,
They fill the town with radiance bright
Of virgin blossoms pure and white.

Easter lilies pure and sweet
Dying in a London street,
Shed o'er me your fragrance rare,
Fill my heart with memories fair.

DRUSILLA MARY CHILD.

Every few years there is a rearrangement in regard to the championship of various popular sports. At golf, for instance, the pre-eminence seemed to be shared between Taylor, Braid and Vardon. The last-mentioned, owing to his illness, fell out of the running, and the French exponent of the game, Massy, took first place. It appears from recent play as if Harry Vardon is once more assuming the leading place. In tennis, Mr. Eustace Miles had a few years of pre-eminence, and last season it was considered part of his bad luck that he was out of training when he was beaten by Mr. James Gould. The young American, however, has repeated his victory this year, and good judges of the game say that he promises to become a player of the class to which the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and the professionals Peter Latham, Pettit and "Punch" Fairs belong. Mr. Eustace Miles has been completely ousted from the position he held, and it is not now considered that he would rank with those great players we have mentioned. In billiards, it seemed after the retirement of John Roberts that the pre-eminence lay between Dawson and Stevenson, but Reece has suddenly shot up into the position of challenger, and his recent performances make the inference a natural one that he has a fair chance of wresting their laurels from the others.

It is obvious that the Metropolitan Water Board is following a sound policy in the construction of a gigantic reservoir on the river Lea. Owing to the vastly-improved drainage of the present day, flood waters are carried down to the sea much more swiftly than they used to be, and the consequence is that springs and streams have been weakening. If, however, huge reservoirs were formed in which these waters could be kept until they were needed the water difficulty would be, to a large extent, solved. The enormous proportions of the new scheme may be shown by a few facts. The new reservoir will have a capacity of 3,000,000,000 gallons, and the water area will be 416 acres. The embankment surrounding this sheet of water will be no less than four and a-half miles long, and will contain 3,250,000 tons of earth excavated from the site. We hope that those who have the management of the work will not forget that it is as easy to make an artificial lake like this beautiful as it is to leave it ugly. Such a large extent of water with a fine walk or drive round it can not only be made useful to the inhabitants of London, but so constructed as to add perceptibly to the beauty of the landscape.

A VILLAGE INCIDENT.

IT was a Saturday afternoon in the flattest part of England. Labourers' wives were tripping to the nearest market town to purchase their food for Sunday and the week that followed. Those who had industrious husbands had left them toiling in the allotments and gardens that go with the cottages of Binthorpe. The men who were not afflicted with any love of work had gathered into the precincts of the Tom o' Bedlam, an ancient and not very reputable-looking inn that was the only place of refreshment in the village. The Rev. Baldwin Edwards always listened with dismay in his heart when he passed this resort, for despite all that has been said and written about the increase of temperance, he was too vividly conscious that the worst of his particular parishioners still wasted their money in the old way, and you could easily see at a glance how much he must be by nature and temperament against it. He had the keen, clear-cut features of a man who is not only determined to do his duty, but is fairly satisfied within himself that he has done it, and his clerical dress, correct to the last button, deepened the impression of a man physically and mentally particular. Still, he was too much of a man of the world to speak or act out of season, and only by something approaching to a cloud on his handsome brow and an almost imperceptible curl of the lip could anyone have surmised how his righteous indignation burned within him. At the moment he was going to the general employer of labour for the express purpose of endeavouring to get the man whom he considered the most shameless of the wrong-doers out of the village.

"He has the worst possible influence, farmer," he might have been heard to say a few minutes later. "And as a stranger in the

parish we have no responsibility to provide him with work; I am sure you could get many labourers quite as good."

But the stolid farmer shook his head, as often he had done before. "As long as Scottie minds his work, it is all I have to do with him," he said, and the eloquence of the person could extract no further reply. Even as they were talking, a hubbub arose in the village street. A man whose Scottish nationality was plain to the most ordinary observer was coming down past the doors with the futile and feeble smile of tipsiness on his face, while a crowd of impudent village children occasionally addressed him by a nick-name to which he seemed well accustomed.

"Go on, Billy Born-Drunk," one of the cheekiest of the girls called; "when were you last seen sober, eh?" And her companions were not a whit behind in repeating her opprobrious phrase. But the man in his maudlin good nature did not pay any heed to his would-be tormentors. He only smiled, and as they passed the farmhouse, where the parson was standing, he could be heard singing to himself in a voice that was far from melodious: "Oh, gin I were where the Gadie rins, at the foot o' Ben-achie." He passed on with the old melody on his lips, and as he lifted the latch of his cottage door was half addressing the children and half crooning over the old melody. "Oh, bairns, bairns," he said, and then, as if forgetting that he was speaking to them, "I've roamed by Tweed, I've roamed by Tay—run away to your games and weary not a man fit to be your grandfather." The energetic parson did not see any humour in the situation. "I never speak to a man in drink," he said; "but this one appears to be just as sober as he



C. Ponting: "WHYLES OWRE A LYNN THE BURNIE PLAYS." Copyright

ever is; and I have a good mind to tackle him at the very moment." Whereupon he departed to the cottage. To his decided tap at the door there came the answer "Come in" from

wakened up at the sight of a visitor, and the parson, who was not without a good share of native intelligence, noticed several things about the old man that had escaped him before. It is true

that his dress was as "duddy" as could have been that of any "gaberlunzie" of his own country. Instead of a collar and neck-tie he had a woollen comforter round his neck; his boots showed more mending than original leather, and the cap that he had thrown off might have been the cast-away of a beggar. Yet there was something not exactly ordinary about the man. His hands, though black and hard with labour, were well-shaped; his unkempt hair and wild unshaved beard did not altogether conceal certain refined lines about his face; and the easy manner in which he bade his visitor take a seat was that of one who had not been unaccustomed to mix in decent society. If the clergyman had come for the purpose of preaching, he was anticipated, for the old man, with a laugh, said:

"So you have come to read a lesson to a ne'er-do-well, Parson. But, now, tell me before you begin, aren't there worse things than drink in the world?"

"It would be difficult to find them," replied the parson, who was strong on temperance principles.

"You should have belonged to my ain countree," replied the Scot, "for I am sure you would have made a splendid Presbyterian minister. And, man," he went on, "it is a country you'd have liked better than this, where the land lies as flat as a pancake, and you may walk the soles off your boots without seeing a hill. You could never have got the Scotch sangs out of a country like this. 'Bonnie lassie, will ye gang to the birks of Aberfeldy?' but there are no birks here, minister," he laughed, with a smile that had a touch of the sentimental.

"Maudlin sentimentality," was the thought of his visitor. He replied to him: "All of us here have to earn our livelihoods, and when the wants of the household are satisfied the honest man has nothing to spare for drink."

"But if he has no household?" said the wandering Scot, with a glance that the clergyman could not understand, it seemed so compounded of feeling and mockery. "But the less women-folk and the less bairn-folk we have to care for the more we like the things o' natur."

"Man, did you ever hear of the Carse o' Gowrie? There is a howe in it and a bit water that would make the very bairns sing. 'Ca' them where the burnie rows, my bonnie dearie.' The waters of this country, now, are like big drains, but up in the North they come tumblin' ower the stanes and doon by the moss with heather growing on the bank and the bonnie birks like braw young maidens in their night gear. Did you ever hear me sing 'The birks o' Invermay'?"

The reverend gentleman had listened with many signs of impatience as one who at no time had a particular interest in Scottish poetry, and did not feel his enthusiasm roused by the rhapsody of the tattered individual before him. But seeing that indignation was not likely to have much effect in this case, he by an effort controlled himself, and, using his brain instead of his instinct, thought of arguments that would appeal to his hearer. "I am sure," he said, "that your native Scotland is in

every way superior to this wretched fen-country, and it has surprised me much that you have been content to stay with us. Now, I love a man who is devoted to his native land, and if you would like to return to the--what did you call it?—of



C. Ponting.

"WHERE THE BURNIE ROWS."

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someone who was evidently not too eager to get to his feet; and indeed the Scot had sunk into the elbow-chair and raised his feet on the fender in the attitude of a person who was very likely to go to sleep. He quickly shook off his lethargy and

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"AT THE FOOT O' BENACHIE."

Gowrie or some such name, I would have much pleasure in giving you the sum needful for your train fare."

He who was addressed laughed with the tone of one who recognised an artless stratagem, yet is half-grateful for a kind

meaning feet, was searching about for another argument, when the conversation was interrupted by the hoot of a motor that was making its way through an avenue of village children and trying not to kill the ducks and chickens which in this out-of-the-way place had not yet been accustomed to the new form of locomotion. Both looked through the small pane of glass which served for a window to the wretched cottage, and both were surprised when the motor drew up in front of the door. A lady and gentleman alighted, and a moment afterwards a decided knock told that they wished to enter the cottage. Evidently the Scotchman was not addicted to troubling himself about the quality or nature of his visitors, for again, without going to open the door, he yelled "Come in" from his elbow-chair, and so far forgot himself that he once more began humming "Oh, gin I were where the Gadie rins." The visitors entered without further ceremony, and turned out to be a lady and gentleman who were evidently married and still looked in the flower of youth.

"Does Mr. William McAlmot live here?" said a clear ringing voice, at the sound of which the ragged labourer nearly jumped from his seat. It was the first sign of discomposure that he had given. The girl—for she certainly was not much more—rushed forward and said:

"Oh, uncle, we have found you at last. You must come with us."

The visitors had so far ignored the presence of the parson, who stood up and bowed to them, his good breeding scarcely being strong enough to veil the astonishment that was trying to find expression in his face. However, he mustered his self-possession and said: "I was quite sure William must have friends in the North and was just offering to pay the expenses of his return when you came in."

"Friends," said the lady; "I should think he has friends. He is the best man in the world!"

The parson seemed to have a new influx of surprise at this exclamation, but again hiding his thoughts, said, "I presume you are from Scotland?"

"Of course we are," replied the lady, "and we have come for the purpose of taking my uncle back."

"I am not ready," said the old man, shrinking into the corner.

"Please do," exclaimed the parson, catching eagerly at the chance of getting rid of the village black sheep. "This climate, I assure you, is not good for him, and I am afraid, you know, that the habits he is learning here are not of the best."

"What habits?" asked the lady, sharply.

"Well, you see," answered the parson, "he is not very particular about his company."

"I should think not," said the lady, looking at him, with a voice that was suggestive of sarcasm. "But if you say that my uncle has chosen to consort with the poor, that is why he is a hero. I do not see why I should tell you his story; but if he would claim what is his own, it is he that would be riding in the motor and we that would be living in the cottage."

"Indeed?" the parson said, with an intonation that showed he had sufficient curiosity to make him wish that the visitor would explain the situation more fully. But she turned to the tenant of the cottage, and, ignoring the visitor, asked if he would go with them. For the first time a look of simple cunning flittered over the man's face.

"Yes, yes," he said; "but, Alice, I am not well put on. You mun give me time to make myself tidy. Like a good lassie, now, run up to the inn, bide there a wee and I'll come."

"That is most right and reasonable," interposed the man, who had not interfered in the conversation. "I think, my dear,



C. Ponting.

"WHERE THE HEATHER GROWS."

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offer. All he said, however, was, "No, no, minister. When I gang back it will be on shankie's naigies."

The parson was nonplussed for a moment, and, not quite comprehending that "shankie's naigies" was a paraphrase

we cannot do better." This with a glance at the labourer's dress, which seemed to say that it was not quite the most suitable for going on a motor tour.

The girl did not look quite satisfied in her mind. "You'll be sure to come?" she said to her uncle. And "Yes, yes," he answered. Whereupon they went back to the motor and ran up to the village inn. The parson, too, who had felt himself snubbed by these people, inasmuch as they had disregarded him, took his departure, and the old man was left by himself. He sat in his armchair till the motor had passed out of sight and only the strong back of the clergyman was visible. Then he went to a cupboard and took out a parcel wrapped in a red cotton handkerchief, found a stick in another part of the room, slipped out into the garden, took a foot-road through the fields that led him into a deep wood, and that was the last which the village of Binthorpe ever saw of him. The people in the motor-car came back, and the girl said in a voice of distress, "I was sure he would not come." The parson enquired of all those he knew where the man had gone, but he was never more heard of nor was the incident ever explained. The only thing that was ever heard was that late that night a man and his wife, who lived in a solitary cottage, heard steps going past the door, and a voice singing some Scottish tune which, they thought, might have been "Oh, gin I were where the Gadie rins." No doubt a story is attached to the incident, but the villagers never learned what it was.

JOHN PEASOD.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A NY man of ordinary intelligence who has lived a matter of four-score years in the midst of English civilisation has a story to tell, if he can tell it, which is even more fascinating than a novel. During that period a changing panorama has been passing before his eyes, and success in his method means that he has stored in his memory the picture as it was, and has an eye for the features that remain. The Rev. Alfred John Church has many claims to attention; and even were he not distinguished himself, the life which is unfolded in his *Memories of Men and Books* (Smith, Elder) would be full of interest.

The grasp of his memory may be judged from the fact that it goes back to the time when he was only a few months more than three years old; that is to say, to the passing of the Reform Act in 1832. The celebration was of a character to impress a child. In those days it was customary for every window to be illuminated on any occasion which evoked public feeling. Even those who were too Tory to extend a welcome to the new Act found it advisable to put a candle in their windows, because the mob promptly broke the glass where this was not done. Church's father was one of the bluest of the blues, but he had "to hold a candle to the devil" in 1832. Alfred Church was a born Cockney, and he gives us many interesting glimpses of the metropolis in his early days:

Punch was a frequent visitor in the streets. He is still to be seen somewhere; but London, at least central London, sees him no more. And what has become of the Broken Bridge, a peep-show entertainment of those days? One of the sights of the year was when the Post Office mail carts turned out on the Queen's birthday, their drivers resplendent in their new scarlet coats. There were some twenty of these which were kept in the mews behind Bedford Row. What a review the carts and coaches of to-day would make if they could be brought together! But I am speaking of *ante* penny post days, when a letter from outside the London district cost any sum up to a shilling, or more.

He was himself brought up in a puritanical atmosphere. Although his father had lived during all the glory of the first publication of Sir Walter Scott's novels—he was only twenty-seven when "Waverley" came out—he would allow no novel to be read in his household. Certain sober magazines were taken in, and birthday or New Year gifts were made of such poems as "The Curse of Kehama," "Thalaba" and "Roderick the Goth," and also of "The Pilgrim's Progress," Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home" and so forth. Twelfth Day was one of the three or four holidays of the year on which the elders relaxed and played blind-man's-buff with the children. Alfred Church went to school at Kentish Town at eight years of age, and found the discipline and work fairly trying. Schoolboys were expected to get up in those days at 5.45 in the morning. They had to do their Scripture and French between half-past six and eight o'clock; after breakfast they had a four hours' spell of lessons, and more of it in the evening. A boy was expected to put in something like nine hours' work in the day, and yet our author says:

I have no recollection of over work. We were well fed, lived under wholesome conditions and played strenuously.

He went up to Oxford in 1846, matriculated at Wadham in June, 1847, and was elected to a scholarship at Lincoln College in the following June. This was in the days of Mark Pattison, of whom a long and interesting account is given. Church took his degree in 1851, and in 1853 was ordained as deacon and appointed to a curacy in Gloucestershire, where he found the

population very different from that to which he was accustomed in London:

The poverty of the labouring class was great. The average wage was nine shillings a week, with an allowance of beer. With bread at 8d. the quarter—and it was seldom less during the period 1853-56—this meant very spare living indeed. Bacon was very seldom eaten; even tea was not for every day, water coloured with burnt bread being a common substitute for it. The chief luxury of the cottage was dripping, which was sold at the kitchen of the great house.

In spite of their poverty, the poor people had a certain amount of independence, although Alfred Church tells of an old man who told him that the Vicar commonly gave him half-a-crown when he came to Communion. Curates in those days were not highly paid, as may be judged from the following passage:

It may be interesting to some of my readers to know that my stipend was £60. I lived in the vicarage, paying seven shillings a week as board-wages to a housekeeper-cook, and having the use of vegetables and fruit from the garden. This was fairly good pay as things were then. My fellow-curate in the town had to be content with a stipend of £80. I opine that now the minimum stipend for a priest is £150, and that a deacon, to whom a title is given, commonly has not less than £130.

At Charlton the church was unrestored when he went to it, and the pulpit stood halfway down the north wall and just opposite the south porch. It was a fine bit of seventeenth century wood-carving, with a text behind the preacher: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," bearing the date 1636. Here is a good description of the internal arrangements:

The north-east corner was the traditional seat of the ruling Earl; from that, in the careless days of the eighteenth century, when one parson used to serve four churches, the Lord S—— of the time would read the prayers, if, as sometimes happened, the minister failed to come. The other occupants of the pew sat face to face. Below this was the second-class pew, in which sat the upper servants—housekeeper, butler, nurse, valet, and ladies' maids, all those, in fact, who had the privilege of being called by their surnames. And then came the pew to which was relegated footmen in livery, and maids of the house, the kitchen, the scullery, the stillroom, and the laundry. Along the south wall was a peculiarly hideous wooden gallery for the schoolchildren. It was always an offence, but chiefly when the village club kept festival on Whit-Monday, and the brass band took possession of it, making such an uproar of sound as almost to blow the roof off.

The music he describes as having been primitive. It was performed by four ancient villagers, of which one had a flute and another a violin. The people still wore smock frocks with elaborate pleating. Three years of the curacy was sufficient. It injured Mr. Church's health, and he thereupon set out to look for some school-mastering work, which was more to his taste, and was ultimately appointed fourth undermaster of Merchant Taylors' School, London. That institution was a very rigid upholder of ancient things:

So stern was the conservatism of the place that when a new arrival, not an old Merchant Taylor, proposed to introduce at his own expense a movable wash-handstand, his older colleagues declared that they would eject it. No undermaster ever had washed his hands at school, and none ever should.

But readers of a literary turn will, perhaps, find more interest in the chapters devoted to Richard Holt Hutton of the *Spectator*, and the description of Mr. Church's work as a reviewer, than in the record of the events of his life. Soberly and in good faith Mr. Church estimates that he has reviewed some 40,000 books, which works out at an average of about three books a day during the time in which he was engaged. The task would appear to be superhuman were it not that certain deductions are to be made. New editions were passed over with a bare record; technical books received little attention, and, of course, into every newspaper office flows a tide of rubbish which is not worth serious consideration. As a matter of fact, authors and the public, too, often talk a great deal of undiluted nonsense about reviewing. It is the commonest thing in the world for a fifth-rate author or a ninth-rate poet to assert and complain that a severe review has been dictated by personal animus. As a matter of fact, the professional reviewer has not time in which to indulge feelings of this kind. He is entirely impersonal in his methods, and his verdict on a book is simply that which an intelligent person might be expected to form at a first glance or on a hurried perusal. The reviewer, on his side, has often great cause to wonder how certain volumes got into print at all. They show such an entire ignorance of the most elementary principles of composition, they are so entirely lacking in any feature that could be called attractive, that it is puzzling to find how even the most self-conceited author could believe that they have a public interest. In most journals the wholesale reviewing as it was done by Mr. Church has been abolished; yet there are, as he points out, very great objections to the practice adopted in some quarters of having new books reviewed only by experts. The truth is that a man who has won eminence in any branch of art or research, in the vast majority of cases has not cultivated the art of expression, and is quite incapable of giving a lucid and sound account of any book; while personal feeling is much more likely to make itself felt between the author and his critic when they are two of a trade.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE HEATH GARDEN.

THE landscapes of the British Islands and Western Europe owe much to the heaths; but these have been slow in coming in any effective way into gardens. It is true that many close gardens are not the best suited for them, and that they are happier where there is room to treat them in bolder ways than is easy in the small places. I began rather slowly and doubtfully with them, charmed at first by the little Alpine forest heath, and even that is generally so ill-grown that we seldom see the fine effects it may give. The next that charmed me were some of the bright forms of the grey heather (*Erica cinerea*); and so I went on until one cold winter's day, when searching in a nursery for wholly different plants, I saw a beautiful little bush of rosy-tinted flowers, and this was the Portuguese heath (*E. lusitanica*). That settled me as a heath-lover, and I have planted as much as I could get of it since. For many years it has been a pleasure, as it is good enough to flower all the winter and far into the spring. Last year was so cold and cloudy that it did not ripen its buds, and it only appeared in flower this year three months later than usual. Just now, in March, this plant is in great beauty, and with it in bloom is the little Alpine forest heath and hybrid heath all in masses. Usually this fine bloom occurs a month or two earlier in the South of England, so that one may say that you may enjoy the beauty of the heaths all the year round, and the effect of the heath stems is always good. But the best effects are not to be got without massing and grouping, and therefore it is in gardens where there are dry banky places in which "nothing else will grow," or on some spread of poor land, that we get their best effects. Rich soil is never wanted for them. We mostly begin with the idea that they want peat, and certainly they do very well in peaty and sandy soils; but in many cases they grow in cool loamy soil without a particle of peat and very little sand. Even the charming Connemara heath is quite happy in such soil. As regards their endurance, some of the heaths will grow in anything or nothing. Near me there is a railway cutting very high and facing due south and without much soil, as most of it was removed. I suppose the seeds of the heath floated in, or how should they come there and cover it so beautifully? I have watched them in hot years like 1893, and they flowered in that position when there was no rain for months, and never shrank or withered. A heath garden need not be rocky or in any way pretentious, but quite simple, for heaths do as well on level ground as on the moorland rocks. Though they grow best, perhaps, in peaty wastes, it would be a mistake to suppose that only such soils can grow heaths well. Some kinds

even flower better on loam than on peat. If rocky banks or large rock gardens already exist, the dwarfer heaths may often form their best adornment; but such are by no means necessary. Their fine effects are best known to those who see them on moors in broad masses. These can hardly ever be shown in small gardens, but why should they not be in large ones? It is by no means necessary to have a garden to cultivate heaths in a bold and picturesque way, as almost any rough open ground will do, and some kinds will do among bushes and in woody places. The larger heaths, where grown, should be massed in visible groups, and the dwarf ones seen in dwarf masses also, and not treated as mere "specks" on rockeries, or used as edging plants only.

ASSOCIATIONS OF THE BEST HEATHS.

Persons of artistic taste will perhaps consider the best plants for associating with the heaths. Native or European plants which frequent like places are best, such as the brooms and furzes, particularly the little furze that flowers in autumn, some of the dogwoods also, such as the red form of Florida, and one Japanese dogwood (*Kousa*), and some of the dwarf barberries and butcher's broom, and perhaps the dwarf rhododendrons of the mountains of Europe if the soil suits them. We allow the native grasses and other plants to grow among the heaths, not attempting to hoe or clean as in a garden, except when a certain rare kind is newly planted, when the ground is kept open until it is established. If one has mossy stones about on planting it helps in effect and also cultivation to place a few among the heaths, especially when planting new kinds.

Alpine Forest Heath (E. carnea).—The most precious little mountain shrub ever introduced. On many ranges of Central Europe at rest in the snow in winter, in our mild winters it flowers in January in the South, and in all districts is in bloom in the dawn of spring—deep rosy flowers carpeting the ground and the leaves all good in colour. There are one or two varieties, one white. This heath is not averse to loamy soils, and often thrives on them as well as on peat soil. *Syn E. herbacea.*

Bell Heather (E. Tetralix).—This beautiful heath is frequent throughout the Northern as well as Western regions of Great Britain. It is easily cultivated, and, being dwarfer than most others, requires rather more open situations; it also thrives best in boggy places. This heath has several varieties, differing in colour mainly. *E. mackiana* (Mackay's heath) is thought to be a variety of the bell heather. There is also a supposed hybrid between this and the Dorset heath. I do not find this do so well in loam as in moist peat.

Broom Heath (E. scoparia).—A tall and wiry-looking heath, reaching 8ft. or more, flowering in summer, not showy. I have seen this in cold parts of France (Sologne), as well as more abundantly in the west and south. It



PORtUGUESE HEATH AT GRAVETYE MANOR (MARCH, 1908).



THE HYBRID HEATH AT GRAVETYE MANOR AT THE END OF MARCH.

is hardier than most of the larger heaths. It is often naked at the bottom and very bushy and close at the top, and though not quite a garden beauty as others are, it is worth a place in the heath garden.

Connemara Heath (*E. Dabecii*).—A beautiful dwarf bush, the name of which has been so often changed by botanists that it is difficult to find it by name in books, and I give it by the Linnean name here. It is a beautiful shrub, 15 in. to 20 in. high, bearing crimson-purple blooms in drooping racemes. There is a white variety almost more beautiful, and one with purple and white flowers. It often flowers with me four months throughout the summer and early autumn. The usually seen purplish form of this is dull in colour, but there is a very bright and finely-coloured red form which is to be found in some nurseries and should be sought for and increased, as it is far finer in effect than the ordinary kind. Old plants of this which have been several years in strong bloom will often be the better for being cut down in the winter to one half their height or more. *Syn. Menziesia*.

Cornish Heath (*E. vagans*) is a vigorous bush worth growing as a low cover plant, thriving in almost any soil, and growing quickly to a height of 3 ft. or 4 ft. A native of Southern Britain and Ireland, and of which there are several varieties, but they do not differ much from the wild plant, and there is a cream-coloured form; the best in effect is the red form, a little higher in colour than the wild one. An excellent plant for bold groups and masses; it grows so close that the weeds have not a chance with it, although it may be necessary to cut out an odd brier or two in summer.

Corsican Heath (*E. stricta*) is a compact bush, quite hardy in England and Wales. It is one of the close-growing kinds, and keeps itself clean and free from weeds. The dried flowers often keep on the bush a long time and give a curious effect. It flowers in summer and autumn, and is a native of Corsica. It is sometimes known in gardens as *E. ramulosa*.

Dorset Heath (*E. ciliaris*) is a lovely plant, as pretty as any heath of Britain or of Europe. A native of Western France and Spain, it also comes into Southern England, and we find it hardy much further north than the district it inhabits naturally. The flowers are of a rich purple crimson and fade away to a pretty brown. It is neat in habit and excellent in every way, thriving also in loamy as well as in peaty soils. This heath is very pretty in autumn, often even into late autumn.

E. multiflora.—This is a French plant and a native of Southern Europe generally. It is quite hardy with us and very free with its white flowers, but planted near our own Cornish heath it does not seem much more than a dwarf variety of that; but it is a close-growing good sort for the heath garden.

Heather (*E. vulgaris*).—As precious as any is our common heather and its many varieties, none of them prettier than the common form, but worth having, excluding only the very dwarf ones, which are useless, except in the rock garden, and of not much use there. The heather is excellent for forming low cover, and of all the plants none so quickly clothes a bare slope of shaly or rubbishy soil, not taking any notice of the hottest summer in such situations. Among the best varieties are Alporti, coccinea and Hammondii. The plant and its varieties are well able to keep their "heads up" among weeds and eventually to suppress them. Some of the bronzy forms are distinct and excellent in winter effect, but of course this will not be felt unless they are in sufficient mass. One called cuprea is very effective.

Hybrid Heath (*E. hybrida*), a cross between *E. carnea* and *E. mediterranea*, is a most useful plant for those who desire good winter or early spring effects in the open air. The hybrid heath thrives in loamy soil almost as well as in peat, and is quite easily increased by division. This good little plant was found by the late James Smith of Darley Dale Nurseries, Derbyshire, growing between plots of *E. carnea* and *E. mediterranea*. It was not in flower, but seeing its distinctive character he took it away and increased it, and a very precious plant it is.

Maw's Heath (*E. mawiana*).—This is one of the handsomest of the hardy heaths, and was discovered by Mr. G. Maw in Portugal in 1872. It

may be described as a very vigorous-growing variety of *E. ciliaris*, which it closely resembles, but it is more robust in all its parts; the flowers also, besides being larger than those of *E. ciliaris*, are darker red in colour. It flowers from July to December.

Mediterranean Heath (*E. mediterranea*).—A graceful, bushy kind, growing 3 ft. to 5 ft. high, best in peat, and flowering often very prettily in the spring. Although a native of Southern Europe, it comes into Ireland in the western parts, and is little more hardy in our country generally than the tree heaths of Southern Europe—is, in fact, hardy in Northern England. Of this kind there are several varieties. It is very pretty in effect in Irish and Western Coast gardens. It lives in loamy soils, but has not quite its best effect in them. The late Mr. Boswell Syme, one of the best of British botanists and thoroughly acquainted with British plants in the open air as well as the herbarium, used to think the Irish form of this heath a distinct plant, and it would be interesting to grow it and compare.

Portuguese Heath (*E. lusitanica*).—This is, for our islands, the most beautiful of the taller heaths, growing 3 ft. to 5 ft. high, and, being hardier than the tree heath, it may be grown over a larger area. Even in cool districts we have had it in loamy soil, and almost every year it bears lovely wreaths of flowers in midwinter, white flowers with a little touch of pink, in fine long fox-brush-like shoots. Very rarely it is cut down by frost, but it springs up again from the roots. It is not hardy, we think, in cold or Midland districts, but seems quite happy in the country round London, and grows in brown soil as well as in peat.

Scotch Heath (*E. cinerea*).—A bright and pretty heath in many parts of Britain, particularly northwards, and breaking into several pretty varieties, such as bicolor, coccinea, rosea and others. Flowering in summer in ordinary soil. The brightest-coloured variety is well worth increasing. It is not so strong-growing as other kinds, and therefore should be grouped apart.

Southern Heath (*E. australis*).—A lovely bush heath of the sandy hills and wastes of Spain and Portugal, 2 ft. to 3 ft. high, flowering in late spring in Britain. The flowers are rosy purple and fragrant. It is quite hardy in the Home Counties, but I do not know how far North. It is scarce in nurseries as yet, not submitting to the usual ways of propagation; but it must be sought for, as no heath garden is complete without it.

Tre Heath (*E. arborea*).—A graceful shrub of Southern Europe, North Africa and Madeira, white-flowered and covering vast areas in the upland woods of evergreen oaks, under them attaining a height of 12 ft. or more in North Africa and in the Canaries becoming a tree. This heath is tender in Britain generally, but may be grown in southern and warm districts and on warm soil in sheltered valleys near the sea with its friendly warmth. The effect of the tall white "meadows" of it in flower in the mountains of Algeria is beautiful. There is a variety (*Alpina*) of this which might be interesting, but of which I have no knowledge.

W. R.

THE WATER-LILIES.

THE time for planting the *Nymphaeas* has arrived, and although their cultivation has been described more than once in COUNTRY LIFE, a brief reference to the same subject may be of use at this season. In the first place, a sheltered nook where the stream is not swift must be chosen, fast-running water not agreeing at all with this beautiful family of flowers, and plant the roots in small, shallow baskets filled with good loam mixed with decayed manure. The baskets decay in time and the roots become established in the natural soil of the stream. About 2 ft. of water we have found suitable for the large growers, such as *Nymphaea Marliacea albida* and *chromatella*, and for the little *pygmaea* and *Helvola* 12 in. The smaller growers may be planted in tubs or in small tanks; those, therefore, who have no lake or stream or pond may enjoy the beauty of the *Nymphaeas*. A few of the most attractive in colouring are: *Aurora*, *Candida*, *Colossea*, *Ellisiana* (a striking flower of fiery red colouring), *Froebelei*, *Glaucostomiana*, *gloriosa*, *James Brydon*, *Laydekeri*, *fulgens*, *L. lilacea*, *L. rosea*, one of the *Marliacea* group, *albida*, *carnea*, *Chromatella*, *rosea*, *ignea*, *Odorata*, *alba*, very pretty in a tub, *pygmaea*,

Helvols, one of the most popular of the family, with sulphur-coloured flowers, and William Falconer. Any or all of these may be grown with the knowledge that the flowers are beautiful in their varying shades. There are few enemies of the Nymphaeæ, water-rats being one of the chief, but these we shoot. Keep Water-lily groups near the margin of the lake, as the flowers may then be better seen. One has spent hours looking into those wondrous masses of petals scintillating in the sunshine of a hot summer day. More pleasurable is it to punt among the fleets of flowers, basking among the leaves. When the shadows of evening creep over the lake they soon close.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLIPPING YEWS.

SIR,—About three years ago I planted a large quantity of Yews, for the purpose of affording shelter in my wind-swept garden, but I am perplexed to

know how to treat them. I am afraid those who have care of them are not sure of the way to set to work, and, as a considerable sum has been spent on the Yews, I shall be grieved if anything happens to them; the soil is heavy.—A. Z.

[Our correspondent does not give much information to go upon, as the clipping depends upon the condition the Yews are in; but as they have been planted about three years, they should be quite healthy. If they are healthy, clip them according to taste—they will not suffer; but if the foliage is yellow and the shrubs look generally shabby, clip them hard; this, with a good mulching, will bring them into condition by the end of the summer. In any case a good dressing of manure will not hurt them, as Yews will stand considerable feeding, given, of course, in reason. On heavy soil, such as yours is, Yews sometimes suffer through stagnant water at the roots; they are happier on moderately dry ground.—ED.]

ALNASCHAR'S BASKET.

I was not a success and I do not know why. I have heard that there are fortunes to be made in poultry-farming; I have proved, by practical demonstration, that it is not so. It was the farm itself that decided me finally; everyone agreed that it was an ideal one, and that the architect who designed it had certainly been inspired. A multiplicity of circumstances, opinions and events conspired to force me into the seductive experiment of running a poultry-farm; not least of the circumstances was a pressing and extraordinarily insistent demand for a lucrative means of livelihood that should aid me in an endeavour to recoup myself for losses sustained in other ventures of a like kind. The renting of the farm being accomplished—I was about to say satisfactorily accomplished, but upon reflection have stayed my pen; I have since had reason to suspect that I was worsted in my determination to make and seize a bargain—I looked about me for The Boy. The Boy must have some knowledge of poultry, must be of an obliging disposition and have a healthy appetite for work. I found him lounging outside the Bear and Bull on the third day after the signing of the agreement that made the farm mine for the coming year. His character was unimpeachable, and the candour of his brown eyes was such that I felt that to lose this opportunity of attaching to myself one so manifestly heaven-sent would be to tempt the gods who preside over the fortunes of poultry-farmers in general and of myself in particular.

My practical knowledge of poultry, before adventuring upon this absorbing experiment, was elementary. This, presenting itself, possibly, to another as a serious handicap, seemed to me rather an advantage. I was an amateur and a beginner; but I was also a theorist who had had the personal confidence of more than one successful poultry-breed. Indeed, I could, had I desired to do so, have called upon three for advice; but I did not. I even refused their several offers to stock my yard for me with Wyandottes, Dorkings, Cochins and several other varieties of fowl at prices which, they assured me, were ruinously reduced. I refused these offers for various reasons,

I had read up my subject, and was a strong believer in individual judgment. I foresaw a day, too, when, success having crowned my efforts, these three would descend upon me in a batch or severally and rob me of no inconsiderable portion of the honour and glory of my achievements by claiming my fowls as their own. I set



W. Reid.

WELL PROTECTED.

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their letters aside and went to my bookshelf and took down three bound copies of "The Poultry-yard." I had bought them at a sale of second-hand stock some three weeks since. I consulted these anew; already they had been read and re-read from cover to cover, and blue-pencil-marked in many places; but the stocking of my farm was a serious affair, the first step that must decide the direction of many, if not all, subsequent steps.

I recalled from a mass of hazy memories of my youth, as I jotted down fragmentary statistics concerning the sitting, breeding and laying proclivities of various varieties of fowl that had taken my fancy from a purely commercial standpoint, that Dorkings, Plymouth Rocks and Orpingtons were reputedly good layers. I concluded that the characteristics of fowls had not changed with the times and, on that assumption, I decided that these three common and dependable varieties should predominate — at least at the beginning — in my yard. Another consideration influenced me in coming to this decision; these three species were good sitters. I would have none but good sitters and good layers among my stock. I had no ambitions to raise fancy breeds. I have since been told that that desire comes later as the work grows upon you. On this matter I cannot speak with authority; possibly I did not give it a legitimate chance to grow, for my speculation in poultry-keeping did not extend further than one year. With regard to this, too, I have since heard that one year is no fair trial, and that the first year of almost any venture makes, necessarily, poor returns in comparison with the expenditure.

I took over my farm in November. By January it was fairly well stocked; I had mastered the initial intricacies of my profession, and matters were in train for the important and onerous task of chicken-rearing. In advance, I may say I had decided not to have recourse to incubators; they require no inconsiderable amount of management, and I am persuaded that Nature herself is in all cases the best mother. Advertisements of incubators, with those of patent foods, coops, medicines and so on, had rained in upon me from time to time; without exception, I mistrusted them all.

As if in sheer contradiction to my hopes, my first broody hen was a Houdan; now Houdans were described in my latest purchase, "The Book of Practical Poultry-keeping," as non-sitters. She moped about the yard for two consecutive days, and on the morning of the third she was found by The Boy sitting determinedly on three newly-laid eggs in the last nest but one in the far fowl-house. The Boy, who claimed to have some knowledge of poultry, pulled her off the nest and closed the flap of the front of the fowlhouse, and came in and reported to me the Houdan's broody state. I went with him to the yard and found the Houdan, who was now seated on another nest, this time upon two dummy eggs. She pecked viciously when we again dislodged her, and ran with wings outspread across the yard uttering cries of fury and distress. I considered whether, if she proved obstinately broody, I should fly in the face of my "Book of Practical Poultry-keeping" and let her have a sitting of eggs. This weakness is to be accounted for by recollection



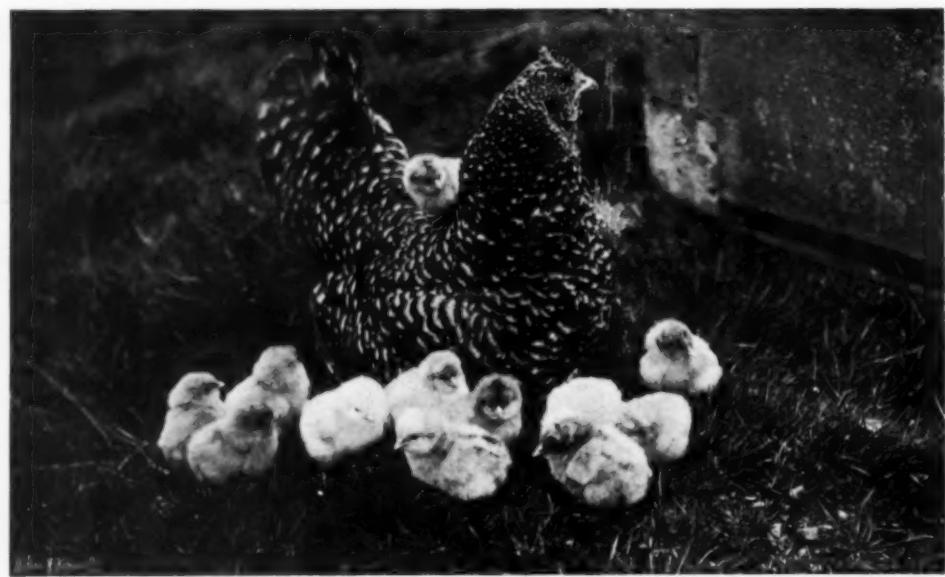
W. Keid.

A CONFABULATION.

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of the fact that the Houdan was my first broody hen, and the season was advancing; my preparations for "broody ones" were also complete. The Houdan returned to her nest, and continued to sit upon it throughout the day. I went out periodically to look at her, and in the evening I made a journey to a farmer near and brought back a sitting of eggs. I had already made an arrangement with him to supply me with sittings during this, my first, season. The Houdan sat on the eggs for ten days and then abandoned them, thereby vindicating the aspersions cast upon her kind by "The Book of Practical Poultry-keeping." In the meantime, fortunately, other hens had fallen victims to broodiness, and I was able to pass the Houdan's nest and its contents on to a handsome black Langshan, who took them under her protection without demur. About this time, by careful and not too sanguine calculations, I began to perceive that there was a fortune to be made in poultry-farming if you went the right way about it. I believed I was going the right way. I had also bought a small number of ducks and geese, and one of my Orpingtons was hatching a sitting of ducks' eggs. Towards the end of April or beginning of May, then, I had a considerable number of young chickens — indeed, close upon 130 — and one duckling. The latter was rather a poor creature from the beginning, weak

in the legs, restricted in the matter of covering and top-heavy. It reeled about the paddock in a disreputable fashion that marked it out as a bird of inferior instincts and breed. The Boy was loud in his expression of scorn for it; he had a quite inhuman desire to wring its neck; he seemed to regard it as a blot on the fair prospect of ducks and geese that waddled daily in single file to the pond. In appearance it belonged to no known breed; The Boy declared it was a sport. A fortnight after the day when he had suggested wringing its neck he trod upon it accidentally as he was carrying water to the chickens' troughs; and thereafter any vestige of respectability its carriage might have proclaimed was a lost quantity—a more discreditable duckling never graced a yard. I was now busy fattening up my chickens with a view to preparing them for the market. They were no longer balls of yellow fluff whose lives seemed to hang on a precarious thread, but sturdy and rapacious young cormorants advanced to a place in the common yard, where they wrangled and fought with their seniors in an ecstasy of greed over scraps and grain. I tried in turn various patent foods upon them as time passed, and they remained lean. I pointed out their condition to The Boy. He opined that, though I was doing them well, I was giving them too much liberty. He suggested that they be apportioned off a wired-in corner of the orchard. He added with authority that that was his mother's way with her pullets and cockerels, and that she was singularly fortunate with them. I questioned him about his mother; this was the first time he had mentioned her to me. I had reached a stage where an inevitable scepticism, the child of experience dearly bought, boycotted further consultation of either "The Book of Practical Poultry-keeping" or "The Poultry-yard." I yearned to The Boy's mother as to one who possessed treasure which I coveted. But The Boy, after that indiscretion, lapsed into silence and a certain aggressive suspicion. Abruptly, I realised that his mother and I were rivals. We spent the entire afternoon chasing chickens and catching them and consigning them to an impromptu wired-in run which it had exhausted our entire morning to prepare. I retired to rest with the comfortable sense of a good day's work done. Before I extinguished the light I calculated anew, and with greater sanguineness than that which in the past few weeks had been mine, the probable interval that must elapse ere my stock would be ready for the market. For the next three weeks all went well, and so marked was the improvement in the condition of the denizens of the chicken-run, that I broke through my self-imposed vow of silence as to my doings, and I wrote, guardedly, of my hopes to several



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BALLS OF FLUFF.

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interested friends. I enjoyed this unburdening of myself the more in that so far my efforts on other lines, such as practical bee-keeping and market gardening, had been uniformly and inexplicably crowned with disastrous results. I went down into the village and posted the letters myself; as they dropped into the recesses of the pillar I said to myself: "Now they will see!" I was elated; I retraced my way with a buoyant step to the farm. I met The Boy as I crossed the yard. He looked perturbed. I said, "Anything wrong, Squires?" and he answered, "Two chickens a bit droopy, mum."

In that moment, by a fatal instinct that has never played me false, I heard the death-knell of my hopes. We went in company to the chicken-run. There was no need to point out the two droopy chickens to me. I sent The Boy in to secure them; they offered no resistance when he approached to lay hands upon them—an ominous sign, I thought. He passed them out to me, and as he closed the door behind him he said in a moment of expansion that his mother's had been going the same way for the past ten days. There was no cure; they just drooped and then died off. I asked myself, had he carried infection from his mother's coops to mine?

On the following day, and upon the next dozen or more ensuing ones, in batches of twos and threes, my hopes for the future, embodied in my chicks, drooped and died. The run presented a heart-breaking spectacle, so mercilessly did the devastator strike down one after another, so swiftly did their numbers decrease. Towards the end of the third week, as suddenly and unaccountably as it had begun, the epidemic ceased. After four days unmarked by calamity, I counted over my assets in chickens, and so low were they that I threw in the lame duckling to raise their number. Until that moment all had gone well with the latter, who, abandoning his kind, had identified his fortunes with those of a fine Minorca cock, whose peculiar pitch in the yard was a dark corner near the rain-water tank. But, as if Fate must yet drive home one more blow, on the evening of the same day as that in which I had made calculations with a view to discovering my position the duckling was found to have disappeared. The Boy and I searched high and low for him, but without avail. The following morning we searched again, and again in the afternoon. With the coming of dusk he was discovered in the stables behind a stack of pea-sticks, pinned down by a piece of timber which no doubt he had himself dislodged. He was in a critical condition from exhaustion and fright. I carried him into the kitchen and sat with him in the lap of my



W. Reid.

THE HERD'S POULTRY.

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gown by the fire. At my feet was a basket in which lay in a somnolent state the sole two chickens we, The Boy and I, had clutched from the jaws of death. I lay back in my chair and gazed upon the convalescents. The mutability of life in a poultry-yard was brought forcibly home to me, I saw the precariousness of fortunes sunk in such stock.

I decided I must make another beginning, and my spirit, undaunted, rose to the enterprise . . . I saw a dairy-farm . . . I saw . . . The lamed duckling turned over on its side, opened a drowsy eye and, expiring, winked at me. . . . I wondered whether the Minorca cock would miss him at all.

JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.

THE LAMBS AND THEIR SHEPHERD.

IN our Northern valley it seems like a fairy tale when people tell us that in the South of England lambs often appear many weeks before Christmas, and that there are several breeds in which the offspring should be well forward before that time comes. Here, in mid-April, there is still much to remind us that winter is by no means over and gone. On the far hills we can see white patches, and the angler's experience even as late as Easter is that the streams are full of snow-water —when this is the case he does not expect to make a big creel. Nor is the snow altogether confined to the hills. Gusts of north wind bring its broad flakes in thick battalions over the



EARLY DAYS.

field; and though the sun at this time of the year soon melts it, there are moments when the landscape has turned to a grey-white. The fields, the hedges, the woodlands and the river banks are still as bare as they were in December. No doubt if you look closely at the hawthorns, millions of tiny pale-coloured buds may be discerned, but they are still so small and unnoticeable that even at a moderate distance the hedgerow still retains its winter blackness. Catkins and tassels are

hung on various trees, but none has yet donned the bright green dress of early spring. Yet the lambs tell us that the season has changed, even if nothing else does. They have appeared by hundreds in the fields, and with the joyous spirit characteristic



"KING OF THE CASTLE."



TIRED OF PLAY.

of early youth are playing and racing one another from headland to headland, jumping and frisking about as if to get rid of their surplus vitality. In the fields they are the prettiest of all the creatures of the farm, and if the use of their name as the tenderest term of endearment means anything, it shows that they are the most popular. To call a child a "calf" is to use a term of opprobrium, but "lamb," and especially "poor lamb," or "my lamb," in the mouth of the country people, is the most affectionate phrase that can be used. It often comes out as an expression of pity, as when young children are left fatherless and motherless; and the gentlest and prettiest of playmates is the pet lamb. On a farm it usually begins its career with misfortune—probably the ewe has died in giving it birth. Then the shepherd, taking it tenderly in his arms, carries it home to be fed by means of a bottle, and it is astonishing how clever the women-kind become at rearing orphans of this description. They will not only bring lambs to maturity,

but are just as adept at bringing up kids. Sometimes they feed the creature with a spoon, but more often use a baby's bottle and let it suck with as near an approach to nature as they can manage. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the lamb becomes the most familiar and cherished of pets. It dances about after the children of the shepherd and, like many another spoiled darling, soon develops a capacity for mischief, jumping and running where it is least expected. At the farm lambs such as these are generally allowed to run in the orchard or paddock adjoining the house; but the Northern shepherd has not much convenience of this kind. In our district, his cottage stands by itself in a sheltered nook of the valley close by a stream that goes rippling and singing past during the pleasant summer months, and becomes in winter roaring and turgid. There is a little garden where the man grows his potatoes and cabbages, but a cottage with an orchard is something almost unknown in the neighbourhood. However, it is always a business to keep



W. Reid.

LOST AND FOUND.

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the lambs out of the garden. Not only they, but the grown sheep, are in the habit of coming into the kitchen for pieces of bread and other tit-bits. Indeed, it is very curious to notice the friendly terms on which the inhabitants of a solitary cottage live with the dumb creatures around them. Often we have found it embarrassing when talking to the shepherd or his wife to be mobbed by the sheep, goats and chickens, which all seem to consider themselves perfectly at home under the table and at the fireside. Under such conditions the sheep come in time to recognise the dog as their protector. How strange this is can only be realised by those who thoroughly understand the nature of the collie. In reality it becomes the efficient coadjutor of the shepherd, partly by gratifying its inborn tendency to hunt and partly by keeping this tendency in check. In more cases than is generally believed, the civilisation of the sheepdog is only skin-deep. Many an animal that performs its duties steadily and well when under the master's eye, learns to go wandering forth at night hunting and slaying the sheep of which at other times it is the guardian. The shepherds tell many extraordinary stories of this kind. A sheepdog when he is bad at heart resembles in his conduct a human hypocrite. All day long he leads a most respectable life, yielding a ready and cheerful obedience to those in authority over him, obeying the shout that one would scarcely think he could hear, so great is the distance at which he has to work, and when out of hearing zealously noting the hand signal which the shepherd substitutes for his voice, yet at night the wild animal asserts its sovereignty. He will show the most wonderful cunning in slipping the collar or in escaping from the house, and will travel some distance, usually to a strange flock of sheep, in order to chase and kill and partly devour, then returning to the shed where he is supposed to be resting, to put in a week and respectable appearance in the morning. We have known a shepherd to have a faith in his dog that was almost pathetic in its loyalty; not only refusing to believe what was said in its disparagement, but turning upon those whom he believed to be slandering it, and treating them as his deepest enemies; but disillusion generally follows. After all, the highest interest of the shepherd is the preservation of his flock, and when the condition of the sheep in the morning speaks plainly of nocturnal ravaging, the men combine in order to watch and punish the offending dog. In the shepherds' cottages hereabouts there is nearly always a gun of some sort, in many cases an ancient muzzle-loader that has been handed down through several generations; and there are two legitimate purposes for which this weapon is used—one to shoot foxes and the other to kill dogs. When the lambs are running about, it often happens that the remains of one or more are found in the morning with the marks of tragedy well defined. The question then arises whether the hill foxes have come down or a collie has turned savage? Watch and ward is kept, but often it has to be kept up for a considerable length of time, as there is no end to the cunning of the sheepdog when once it takes to evil courses. Probably its senses of smell and hearing are excited to their utmost, since it knows how to avoid the flocks over which a special watch has been set. Last year, for instance, a case occurred in which the offending dog was not discovered for several weeks. Not only lambs, but even ewes, were found dead and mangled, and the young shepherds banded themselves together in order to punish the ill-doer. But it happened over and over again that, even while they were on watch over one flock, new depredations were being committed at a distance. At the end the dog met his death by a kind of accident. A gamekeeper had been out at dawn to shoot the rooks which he said had been taking the eggs of game-birds, and by chance he saw, just before daylight, what he thought was a fox after the lambs and shot it. The animal proved to

be the property of one of the oldest and most highly-respected shepherds in the neighbourhood—a man who, till then, had been proud of his dog and considered it immaculate. He had kept it in an outhouse every night, but the animal, apparently, had found out, probably by accident, that if it stood on its hind legs and pressed the latch of the door it opened. The curious thing was that on returning it had always latched the door once more, though, of course, this was not very difficult, all that was required being that it should push against it. During the four or five weeks in which it was pursuing its nightly career, this dog had evidently accounted for the destruction of more than a score of lambs and several ewes. A point about this dog was noticed by the writer. He was extremely gentle in his work. Some collies are by no means like that, and can scarcely be kept from biting the leg of a sheep



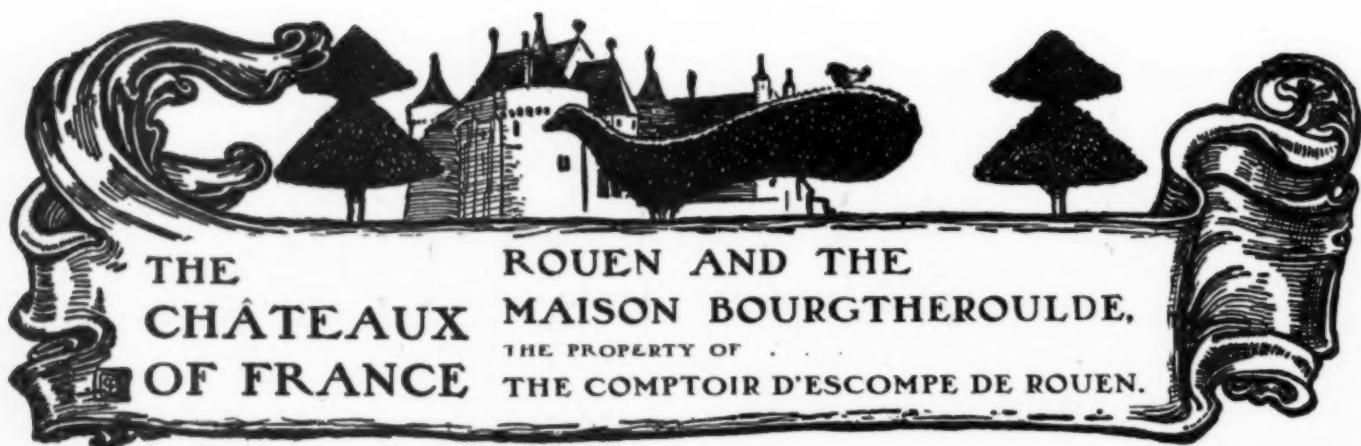
W. Reid.

A SHEPHERD'S TENDER CARE.

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when at work; but this animal, either out of cunning or because he had been thoroughly well trained, was never known to be rough when with his sheep in daylight. As long as he was at work he was Dr. Jekyll, but at night he was worse than Mr. Hyde.

Obviously the shepherd is not exempt from the cares that afflict the rest of humanity. The exact opposite is the case about this season of the year, when his care for the flock has to be redoubled. "Pastoral" has come to be a word with us carrying a signification of tranquil beauty, and often as one sees the quiet-looking shepherd going about with his four-footed satellites his position appears to be the most enviable one in existence. But he would not admit that to be the case himself; on the contrary, he holds the position to be full of worry and anxiety.



In any list of the most famous of the historic houses of France it would be impossible to omit at least two of the magnificent buildings which are the pride of Rouen; more especially is this the case when that list is being compiled for the benefit of English readers, for Rouen is almost as full of English memories as it is of French architecture; and the houses illustrated in this article (by photographs in which

the skill of Mr. Frederick Evans has enabled me to publish some important artistic details for the first time) recall associations which are most intimately bound up with the crucial periods of English history in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are, first, that very rare example, a wooden fifteenth century house, called the House of Joan of Arc; and, secondly, the Maison Bourgtheroule, which contains the only contemporary carving in existence of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. I have added pictures of the Palais de Justice, which was built at a date between the two just mentioned, because it provides one of the finest examples known of those magnificently-decorated dormer windows of which we saw an earlier type at Josselin. In any serious consideration of that splendid architectural transition from the French Gothic to the formal Renaissance, it would be impossible to omit this work, though its history and its surroundings are foreign to my present purpose. Two specimens of detail from the cathedral are also given, to illustrate its value as a record of civic history. I take these buildings in the order mentioned.

Neither France nor England has anything to be proud of in the tragedy of Joan of Arc, which was carried to its dreadful end at Rouen. Taken prisoner at the siege of Compiegne in May, 1430, by the soldiers of John of Luxembourg, Jeanne was transferred to Rouen in December, and was guarded by Talbot's Englishmen in the donjon of the Place Beauvreuil, where you may stand beneath the only roof still in existence which once echoed to the living accents of her voice. The city of Rouen possessed an ancient and inviolable privilege in the curious and unique custom which permitted the canons of her cathedral to release at Ascension-tide, with much impressive ceremony, a prisoner condemned to death. In the same year that Joan of Arc was imprisoned in the donjon, the canons had been permitted by the Duke of Bedford to visit that very prison in the exercise of that prerogative, and there is abundant evidence that any choice they might have made, then or later, would have been respected by the English authorities. It is one of the blackest stains upon the



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MAISON JEANNE D'ARC, RUE ST. ROMAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



history of Rouen that no attempt whatever should have been recorded on the part of her citizens to exercise their privilege in the case of the woman most worthy of all on the long roll of pardons to benefit by the protection of the Church. It is still more extraordinary that neither during her journey to the city nor at the long martyrdom of her execution was any attempt made to rescue her by citizens who had proved themselves among the bravest in France under unparalleled circumstances of privation and distress. The

iniquitous bargain. At the price of an army she was brought to Rouen and the Bishop of Beauvais forthwith began to pack his jury. The only one who objected barely escaped alive. The English King's two uncles of Bedford and of Winchester watched that their orders were carried out, and the price of every man is recorded in the exact account-books of the time. Several of her unjust judges lived in the Rue St. Romain, and one of them dwelt in this ancient house. All suffered the swift vengeance that repaid.



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MAISON BOURGHEROULDE: THE FISHERMEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Englishmen's hatred received its most powerful ally in the vanity and malice of the French ecclesiastics. Joan's intense patriotism and worship of nationality were as repugnant to them as her instinctive doctrine of the liberty of conscience. So it was Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who brought the King of England's request to John of Luxembourg that he would deliver up his famous prisoner to the Church to be judged. If not a soldier of France stirred on her journey into captivity, if not a citizen of Rouen moved to save her from the flames, it was not likely that the French King would lift his hand to stay that

Soon after her ashes had been cast into the Seine, the Bishop of Beauvais died of apoplexy, Nicole Midi was struck with leprosy within a few days of her death, Loyselot died suddenly at Basle, the corpse of d'Estivet was found in a gutter outside the city gates. Above the great furnace that warms the cathedral choir the tombstone of Denis Gastinel, another judge of Joan of Arc, lies near the north-east pillar of the lantern. The heroic peasant-girl these men condemned to death was burnt on the Place du Vieux Marché, near the spot where a tablet now records her memory. The fountain in what is called the Place



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MAISON BOURGTHEROULDE: THE MOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

de la Pucelle has nothing to do with the tragedy of which the old house in the Rue St. Romain is almost the only private habitation that survives as a contemporary witness.

It is at the corner of this Place de la Pucelle and of the Rue du Panneret that the Maison Bourgtheroulde, the main subject of these pages, is to be found, and the photographs here reproduced of the carvings on its walls form the most exact and complete series yet published. I must briefly describe the house as a whole before I mention its most important details. The exterior façade upon the Place de la Pucelle only exists, alas! in the drawings made by Lelieur in the sixteenth century. Lost to us are the high roof with its lofty, crested windows, the side turret at the angle of the street, the exquisitely-carved entrance between two pillars bearing statues on their capitals of Bacchus and of Cupid, which struck the keynote of the theme so richly developed in the interior courtyard—the theme of the meeting of

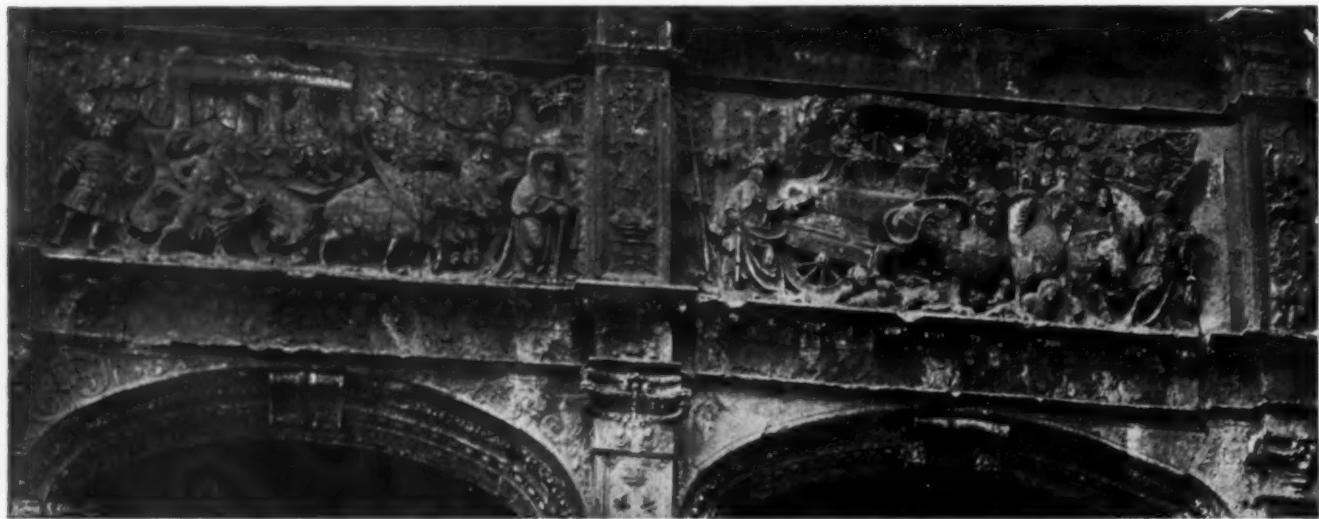
King Francis and King Henry (whose faces are carved upon the inner side of the doorway) on the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Through the archway with its delicately-pointed pinnacle above the curving vault, you may pass from the street into the palace; but you seem to move backward through the dark abyss of time between the twentieth and the sixteenth centuries. On the left is a magnificent series of windows richly set in sculptured panels. In the upper row are illustrated the Triumphs of Petrarch, in the lower is portrayed the meeting of the French and English kings. At right angles to these and straight before you as you enter is a façade that furnishes a most picturesque example of the French transition from the Gothic dwelling-house to the Renaissance palace. The six-sided turret that rises above the stairway contains the most remarkable specimens of sculpture in this part of the building, all in that low relief which we associate with Renaissance decoration; but



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MAISON BOURGTHEROULDE: THE TRIUMPHS OF PETRARCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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MAISON BOURGTHEROLDE: THE TRIUMPHS OF PETRARCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

all so utterly in defiance of every rule of the stonemason's or the carver's art that they leave an indelible impression of being faithful copies of contemporary tapestry. The subjects chosen are an additional argument in favour of a hypothesis which is also supported by the equally pictorial treatment of several sculptures on the left-hand wing. For this turret is covered with the curious pastoral subjects so beloved in the "Bergeries" of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and so frequent both in surviving examples among the great collections and in the manuscript records of great houses up and down the Seine and Loire. Over the window that is immediately above the stairway, a healthy young woman in short skirts is pitchforking away the crops which her two male companions are cutting with their scythes, those same downright weapons of agriculture you may see on the cathedral walls at Amiens. Between the forest and the cornland runs a stream in which the merry harvester are bathing and indulging in all kinds of antics in the water. On each side of the upper window men go on mowing industriously all through the forest that seems to clothe the fertile slopes beneath the seigneur's castle on the far horizon. Immediately on the right of this panel, the next composition begins beneath the window-sill with a fishing scene. Three men in a boat are hauling in a net. On the bank two others have each captured Iroddingnagian carp with rods and lines of a proportionate strength and thickness. The background on the right is filled with scenes yet more amazing. A squire on horseback sits with his arms outstretched in horror as he watches his helpless master being carried off through the clouds above him by a monstrous griffin. His cries, however, do not appear to have alarmed the neighbourhood, for on the other side of the window a very self-possessed young person paces slowly up the winding forest path towards the castle, carrying eggs and butter from the farm. On the upper storeys of the turret the subjects portrayed in "Bergeries" from the fifteenth century tapestries to the canvases of Watteau are unfolded with industrious accuracy. A gallant shepherd ties up his mistress's garter and is reproved for too

much zeal. Another rests his head on his fair comrade's lap, while envious friends prepare to take advantage of his unprotected attitude. The sheep appear to be endeavouring to hide their blushes in the grass. Elsewhere a jovial picnic is in full swing. One shepherdess helps her lover to his luncheon with a spoon, to the sound of amorous bagpipes in the middle distance. A dog begs for some scraps from the repast. In yet another panel a spirited chase is depicted after a marauding wolf, while a shepherdess struggles to attend to her pastoral duties in spite of the usual embarrassing distractions. The whole design might

just as well have been hung on flowing carpets out of every window. It defies every canon of sculpture. It has no definite limits and no regular "values" in relief; while the window-frames break into the composition where and when they like. The little panel on the flat wall just to the right of the turret is treated in an entirely different manner, and is no doubt the work of another artist and the result of a finer inspiration.

On a similarly high plane are the reliefs illustrating the Triumphs of Petrarch in the four panels above the windows nearest the stairway. The stone of the others is too badly crumbled, owing to the destructiveness of rain-water before the glass roofing was inserted, to be clearly decipherable; but in 1875 the words here printed in italics were discovered, and evidently form part of the complete stanza:

Amor vincit mundum
Pudicitia vincit amorem
Mors vincit pudicitiam
Fama vincit mortem
Tempus vincit famam
Eternitas omnia vincit.

Though Giolito's edition of the "Triumphs," with woodcuts, was not published in Venice till 1545, the subject of the poem was a very favourite one for tapestries before that date, and it is difficult not to believe that in the panel which comes just above the meeting of the kings, on the lower line (which is fourth from the top of the stairway), there is a conscious illustration of Petrarch's verses beginning:

Quattro destrier via piu che neve
bianchi
Sop' un carro di foco un garron crudo
Con arco in mano e con saette a
fianchi. . . .

The great car is crushing prostrate bodies on the road beneath



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DETAILS OF A WINDOW.

C.L."



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MAISON BOURGHEROULDE: THE ENGLISH CAMP AT GUYNES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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MAISON BOURGHEROULDE: CARDINAL WOLSEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. *HENRY VIII. AND FRANCIS I. ON THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

it. To the right of this is a stage, drawn by elephants, with the fleshless form of Death in front and the figure of a woman blowing a trumpet on the car: "Fama vincit mortem." The second panel from the stair-head shows a great dais drawn by four beasts, with emblems of the growth of Nature interspersed in the design: "Tempus vincit famam." The first represents

"Eternitas" (or "Divinitas") by the three Persons of the Trinity drawn by the lion, the eagle, the ox and the angel of the Evangelists. Once more I must confess that the carvings have more an archaeological than an artistic interest. But the case is very different when I come to the greatest treasure of the Maison Bourgtheroulde—the carvings of the Field of



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THE FRENCH PROCESSION AT THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. "COUNTRY LIFE"

the Cloth of Gold in the lower panels on this same wall. Apart from their immense historical value, these carvings rise to a far higher level of art and execution than any others on the walls of this remarkable building, and it is appropriately enough in the actual meeting of the monarchs that the excellence of the sculptor's skill is chiefly displayed. Each king, with his hat in his right hand, bows low in greeting; and it will be noticed that, while Henry is clean shaved, Francis is shown with his beard, inasmuch as he had sworn he would not use a razor till he had met his cousin of England. So anxious were the French ambassadors lest Henry's smooth chin might be the subtle indication of "an unfriendly act," that the English king had to assure them his affections resided not in his beard, but in his heart. Henry's harness is worked in alternate squares of leopards and roses. Close to him are the Earls of Essex and Northumberland. Francis wears upon his harness the fleurs-de-lys of France. Before him are the Swiss guards under Fleurange, and beside him are Mountjoy and the heralds, with Bourbon carrying the sword, the Master of Horse, the High Admiral and other great nobles of the realm. In the

glass and saved from further ruin. But neither the Society of Antiquaries in England nor the Bureau des Monuments Historiques in France seem inclined to move in the matter. When the records on the walls of the Maison Bourgtheroulde have vanished—and that will not take long—the last contemporary sculpture of this historic event will have disappeared, and it will then, too late, be realised that both countries have suffered an irreparable loss. A little of what that loss will mean may be gathered from the description of the scene in the chronicles of Edward Hall, which were first published in 1542; and never was the ingenious magnificence of a monarch so fitly matched by the eloquent enthusiasm of his historian. Those were the days when pageants were not only natural, but well done, and common at the Court; when chivalry was abroad, and jousts and tournaments were not yet dead. They culminated in the dazzling splendours of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

After the King and Queen of England had reached Calais from Dover, they passed to the royal lordship of Guynes on Monday, June 4th, 1520, and were received in a most marvellous



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MAISON BOURGTHEROULDE: THE FRENCH CAMP AT ARDRES.

COUNTRY LIFE.

gallant array of figures that follow, in other panels, behind their sovereign, you may realise the truth of Du Bellay's phrase that "many Frenchmen carried the price of woodland, watermill and pasture on their backs." In the panel that has been partly guarded by the stair-rail, there is a particularly dignified figure of a courtier mounting his horse as the end of the procession leaves the gates of Ardres, from whose walls the French ladies are eagerly watching the brave show made by their countrymen. In just the same way the English procession, which is instantly recognisable by the archers who go with it, may be seen issuing from the gates of Guynes, in the last panel on the left, and here, too, the walls are crowded with men and women looking out. To the right of this is Cardinal Wolsey, riding on a mule, with Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; and the strong figure ahead of them, with his mace resting on his thigh, is Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the motto on whose garter could be clearly read only sixty years ago. The dilapidated condition of these carvings is a disgrace both to England and to France. With careful treatment every single essential detail might still be preserved, the accumulated dust of ages might be removed and the whole encased in

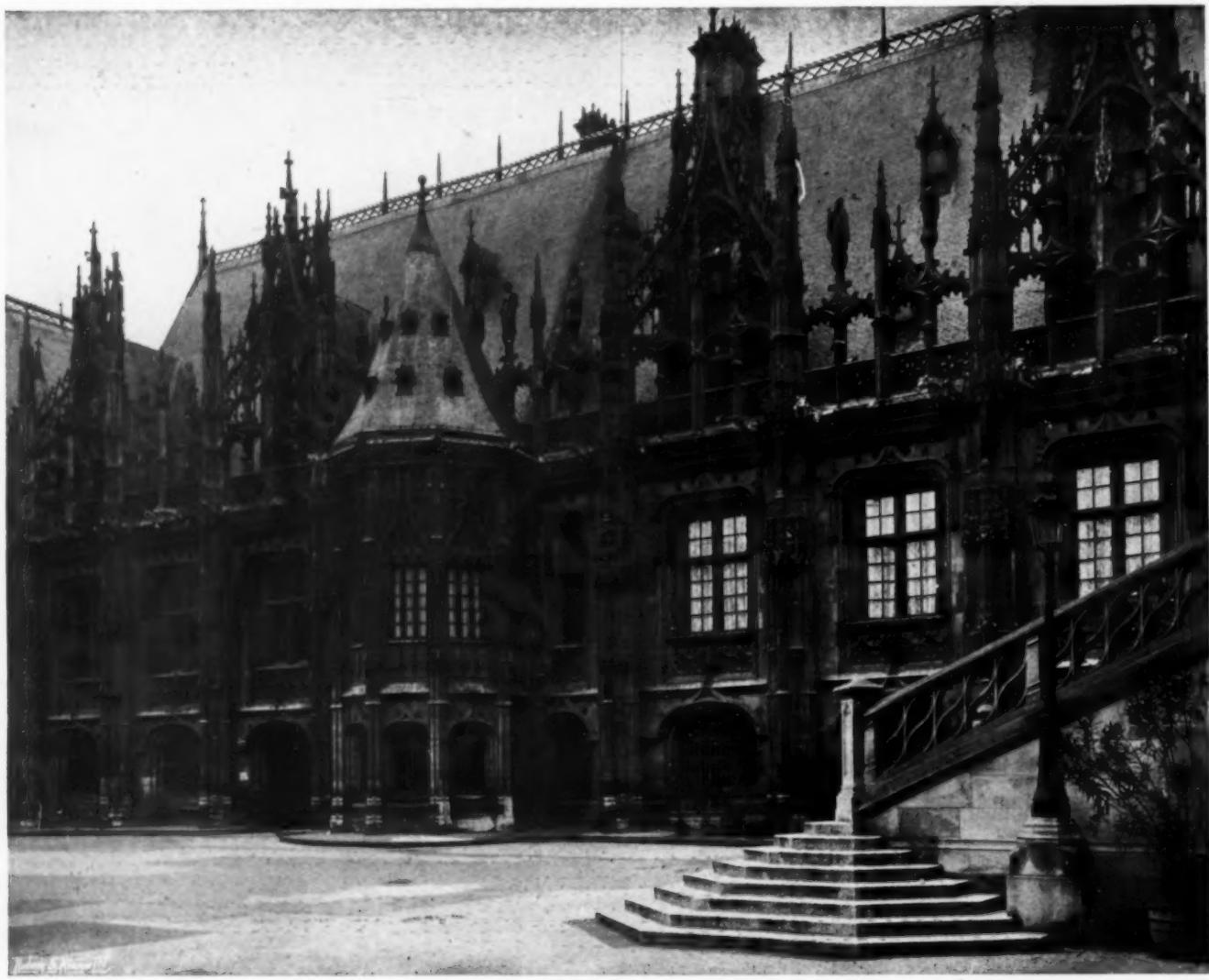
palace, with the pillars at its entrance which once stood before the gateway of the Hotel Bourgtheroulde, as Hall describes them: "gylte with fine golde and bice, ingrayled with anticke workes, the old God of wyne called Baccus birling the wyne . . . over whose hedde was written in letters of Romayn in gold, 'faictte bonne chere guy vouldra.' On the other hand or syde of the gate was set a pyller of auncient Romayne woorke borne with iiiii Lyons of golde, the pyllers wrapped in a wrethe of golde curiously wroughte and intrayled, and on the sommet of the sayde pyller stode an image of the blynde God Cupide wyth his bowe and arrowes of love, redy by his semynge to Stryke the young people to love." The tapestries which, I have thought, suggested these carvings in Rouen were also visible at Guynes in great quantities: "riche and marveilous clothes of Arras," says Hall, "wroughte of golde and silke, compassed of many auncient stories, with whiche clothes of Arras every wall and chamber was hanged and all wyndowes so richely covered that it passed all other sightes before seen . . . nothyng lacked of honourable furnishement."

Having told us of the Castle of Guynes, which appears at the left of the line of pictures in the Bourgtheroulde courtyard,

the chronicler proceeds to describe the French dwellings at Ardes, which are carved on the extreme right of the series. Here was "a house of solas of sporte of large and mightie compas, which was chiefly sustained by a great mightie maste, wherby the grete ropes and takell strained, the same maste was staid." Herein the coming of the great Wolsey from the English camp caused great commotion. "Of the nobleness of this Cardinall the Frenchmen made bokes, shewyng the triumphant doynges of the Cardinalles royaltie . . . of his great Crosses and Pillers borne, the pillowe bere or cace broudered, the two mantelles, with other the Ceremoniall Offices, with greatt and honourable number of bishoppes gevyng their attendaunce"—as you may see in the carvings aforesaid. It may easily be imagined that a meeting of such complicated importance did not pass off without a few preliminary difficulties. "Monsire Chatelion, a Lord of Fraunce," for instance, "in rigorous and cruell maner threwe dounre foure pennons of white and grene which were set up by Richarde Gibson, by comauement from the kynge for the cuer marke or metynge

bearing the sword of State; and all these you may see in the Bourgtheroulde carvings.

With no less accuracy are the details of the French side corroborated by Hall, who tells us how "up blewe the Trumpettes, Sagbuttes, Clarions, and all other Minstrelles on both sides . . . and in sight of bothe the nacions and on horsebacke met and embrassed the twoo kynges each other." A little further on he describes the details of our carving: "I then well perceived thabiliment royall of the Frenche kyng, his garment was a chemew, of clothe of silver, culpond with clothe of golde, of damaske cantell wise, and garded on the bordours with the Burgon bendes, and over that a cloke of broched satten with gold of a purple colour wrapped about his body traverse, beded from the shulder to the waste, fastened in the lope of the first fold. This said cloke was richely set with pearles and precious stones: this Frenche kyng had on his hed a koyfe of damaske gold set with diamondes . . . and verily of his persone a goodly Prince, stately of countenaunce, mery of chere, broune coloured, great iyes, high nosed, bigge



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THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, ROUEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

place of the twoo kynges." There were "wordes," of course; but both sides were pacified by Essex, the Earl Marshal. Even when they were each starting, both kings were warned of possible danger by their zealous courtiers. But both were confident of honest treatment, and so went forward gallantly. "Then," cries our enthusiastic Hall, "the Kyng of England shewed hymselfe somedeale forwarde in beautie and personage, the moste goodliest Prince that ever reigned over the Realme of England: his grace was apparellled in a Garment of Clothe of Siuer of Damaske, ribbed wyth Clothe of Golde, so thicke as might bee, the garment was large and plited yerie thicke, and canteled of very good intaille, of such shape and makynge that it was marveilous to beholde. The Courser whiche hys grace roade on was Trapped in a marveilous vesture of a new devised fashion, the Trapper was of fine Golde in Bullion curiously wrought, pounced and sette with anticke worke of Romayne Figures." With him went Sir Henry Guildford, Master of the Horse, nine young gentlemen in richly embroidered garments mounted on Neapolitan barbs, and the Marquess of Dorset

lipped, faire brested and shoulders, small legges and long fete." But I must linger no more over these fascinating pages, which go on to tell of those two trees that were set up on Saturday, June 9th, "the one called *Aubespine* and the other called the *Framboister*, whyche is in English the *Hathorne* which was *Henry*, and the *Raspis* berry for *Fraunces*"; of the great joust and tourney in which Sir William Kingston, Sir Richard Garningham, Sir Giles Capell, Master Nicholas Carew and Master Anthony Knivet did valiantly for the English, and King Henry VIII. himself broke a spear on Monsieur Grandeville's head; of Lord Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's son, and his eleven companions dressed in crimson satin "full of flames of gold"; and of the farewell made by Francis to the English sovereign when Henry left the field for Calais on June 24th.

The builders of the Maison Bourgtheroulde put so much history upon its sculptured walls that they seem to have shrunk from possible comparisons, and deliberately to have left no story of their own. All I know of them is that they inherited the

fortune of one Guillaume le Roux, who was no relation of the architect, but a councillor of the Perpetual Exchequer created in Rouen by Louis XII. in 1499, and was married in 1486, when he may have begun this palace for his bride. But it was not finished until 1531, because the Phoenix of Eleanor of Austria shows on its carvings beside her Royal husband's Salamander; and it could not have begun to receive the best of its external decoration until 1520, the year of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the preservation of which, in fitly sumptuous memorials,

stairway, which has at last been replaced where first it stood after the same architect who ruined the west front of St. Ouen had worked his will upon the Palais de Justice also. It is the main building, exactly opposite the courtyard entrance from the Rue aux Juifs, that is the chief glory of the whole, with the lovely octagonal turret, jutting out from the line of flaming window-crests, where King Louis had a circular chamber for his private use. Behind it is the Cour d'Assises, with a splendidly carved ceiling in panels of polished woodwork. Among the pinnacled



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PALAIS DE JUSTICE: CHAMBRE DE LOUIS XII.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

seems to have provided the sole object of the existence of this building.

I have said that the founder of the riches of the house of Bourgtheroulde was a councillor in the Court established by Louis XII. in Rouen. The permanent home of that august assembly is worthy both of its great traditions and its Royal builder. Its west wing, now the Salle des Pas Perdus, was originally the old common Hall of the Merchants in the Clos des Juifs, with a roof that looks, from within, like the upturned hull of some great ocean galley, and a fine sweep to its entrance

tracery of arabesques and fretwork that rises before the steep slope of the roof are the arms of France supported by two stags, to decorate the masterpiece of Roger Ango and Rouland Leroux. The eastern wing on the right side of the entrance is modern; but in spite of all it has suffered, the Palais de Justice of Rouen, as a whole, is the finest civic building of its kind in Europe. Beneath its gorgeous architecture are the prisons and dungeons of the High Court. From them was conducted the prisoner who knelt in the little chapel of the western hall before he went out to carry the Shrine of St. Romain in the great



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ROOF OF PALAIS DE JUSTICE, ROUEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

procession of his pardon on Ascension Day. That procession, with all it signifies of conflict between ecclesiastical and legal powers, of religious charity, or superstitious traditions, of reckless crime throughout the hot-blooded centuries when the *Privilege* was chiefly famous—that procession must ever be the main theme which every traveller will carry away from Rouen, whether he visits the *Maison Jeanne d'Arc*, or the *Maison Bourgtheroulde*, or the *Palais de Justice*. For in it is

summed up the history of the town—Roman, Norman, French, English and French again; and there is not a stone that remains of the Rouen of the sixteenth century which does not "cry out of the wall" some noble or pathetic fragment of that long romantic story.

If the *Palais de Justice* fitly commemorates the splendours of the Law, in the *Cathedral* you may see an even more complete record both of the church and of the citizens of Rouen,



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FIGURES FROM THE TOMB OF CARDINAL D'AMBOISE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from the highest to the lowest; from the figures of Prudence, Temperance and Charity which grace an Archbishop's tomb to the carvings on the Portals of the husbandman at work, the tumbler at his antics, the housewife at her daily task, which typify and sanctify the life of the common people in the House where rich and poor are equally commemorated.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE WAR AGAINST RATS.

SEVERAL reports have been sent us for the purpose of demonstrating the efficiency of the various methods that have been invented to get rid of rats. They read very satisfactorily indeed. A farm in Westmorland is said to have been almost cleared of them, although the entry in the minutes of the Agricultural and Diseases of Animals Committee of the Westmorland County Council states vaguely that "most excellent results had attended the experiment." What we should have liked to know was the exact number of rats killed, as "excellent results" may mean anything or nothing, and it is obvious that if only a few rats are left to breed, the plague will soon become as bad as ever. The writer has had occasion to deal with rats more than once, and on a fairly extensive scale. What he found was that after a short campaign, in which a number had been killed, the rats were in the habit of disappearing completely. It would be easy to assert, without incurring contradiction, that they had been utterly annihilated; but what happens is only that, with the instinct that causes them to leave a sinking ship, they recognise that the game is up for the moment and migrate. In due course they again make their appearance, and swarm all over the place as numerously as ever. Thus, large areas must be treated before the results can be considered as of importance. This was done near Framlingham in Suffolk over an area of about 2,000 acres, but here again the results are not given in exact figures, and it is impossible to guess how near to extermination they reach. It is not at all impossible that some of the rats, noticing the fate that has befallen their comrades, take warning and, in their characteristically wily manner, depart beyond the boundary. There is no doubt whatever of the fact that the rats are being thinned down, but at present there is no reason for supposing that they have been so reduced in numbers that they will not at an early point in the future become as great a plague as before.

TRAP-NESTS AND LAYING STRAINS.

Although very few people apparently will be bothered with using trap-nests for their own poultry, and some seem to regard them as a mere fad, yet, curiously enough, they all like to know that the eggs they buy for sittings are from duly trap-nested hens with good laying records. The rough-and-ready way in which the ordinary utility pen is made up is an absurdity. A cock is found and half-a-dozen pullets placed with him that "look like laying well," or perhaps among them some that are vaguely stated to have been "seen coming off the nest." When trap-nests are used there is no guesswork, but hard fact. The

cock is selected with the knowledge that his mother was one of the best layers of her year, and if the pen is to be started on, say, January 1st, the October, November and December records are consulted, and the six pullets who have laid the most eggs are put with him, and thus is built up a laying strain. It will be granted that the really useful and paying bird is the one that lays before Christmas. Out of fifty pullets hatched in March, 1907, five laid 220 eggs in November and December, an average of twenty-two eggs each per month. Five others hatched at the same time, and these were the worst layers, laid ninety-four eggs in the same period. These eggs sold for 2d. each. After deducting the cost of food, 1½d. per week per bird, there was a gross profit on each of the first five pullets mentioned of 6s. 3d. for the two months; from the latter five there was only a gross



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THE NORTH PORCH OF ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

profit of 2s. per bird. It is fairly certain that if these five inferior layers were bred from the average laying capacity of the stock would not be improved. In the breeds that I have kept for some time, my experience shows that it is the average that is improved by breeding from selected layers, although, of course, you occasionally breed a pullet with laying powers out of the common. In January, 1905, I bought some day-old chickens, mostly for fattening. One of them, however, a pullet, was not killed with the rest, and laid her first egg in July, 1905. She was a barred Plymouth Rock, and before she moulted in September, 1905, she had laid fifty eggs, and from November 16th, 1905, to November 15th, 1906, she laid 220 eggs, and moulted and laid 201 eggs up to November 15th, 1907.

THE PLANTING OF SAND-DUNES AT HOLKHAM.

In the current number of the quarterly *Journal of Forestry* there is an interesting article by Mr. D. Monro on the planting of these sand-dunes. He begins by relating that in 1897 the English Arboricultural Society visited Norfolk for their annual excursion, and were surprised to find pines growing healthily in pure sea-sand. Since then the curiosity of many other people has been aroused, and the article is really an answer to them. Experiments were begun in the fifties by sowing pine seeds in balls of clay; but the plan was a failure. After that, planting was tried in favourable spots in the sand, and at the end of the first year all the plants were found alive, having made ten, or even, of growth. This was what encouraged Lord Leicester to plant from end to end a tract about three miles long. At first the method followed was merely to choose the most favourable spot, without paying any attention to the distance apart or the number of trees planted per acre. In time, however, more system was introduced: "From the latter part of the seventies another plan was adopted, hills being planted with Corsican pines 8 yards apart and the ground filled with Austrian, Scotch, and Maritime pines 4 or 5 yards apart. The larger flats were planted with Corsican pines at the same distance and made up to 8 feet apart with Scots pine. Later on, the hills were planted with Corsican pine, mainly at 6 yards apart, Austrian pine being used to break the wind on exposed places, and Scotch pine

on the sheltered sides, to vary the colour with its silvery foliage." Certain points were very carefully observed in this work. First, plants were raised from home grown seed, excepting in the case of maritime plants, which were bought as two year old seedlings. The rearing was done in a nursery about a mile from the sand-hills sheltered with holly hedges, otherwise with a northern or sea exposure, thus partially acclimatising the plants. The plants were kept in the nursery from two to four years, but were moved every year, "so that each plant had a short, sturdy head, with a regular mat of roots, when ready to go out." Both in moving and planting very great care was exercised, and it was usually done in the months of March and April. It was found that plants put in at the autumn were blown about and got loose at the neck. In regard to the expense, Mr. Monro says: "The total outlay involved per acre varies from 10s. to 20s.; no protection was required, rabbits being stringently kept down, and after-expense was practically nil. No planting to succeed in its object was ever done cheaper or succeeded better." Of the various trees, the experiment with Corsican pine have proved it the best all-round one. Austrian pine has done well on the northern or sea exposures. Scotch pine answers best on the landward side. Mr. Monro tells us: "Privet, elm, honeysuckle and elder strike root from the faggots put in to hold the sand, thriving in the coldest spots, and by spreading they form mats of hedges, according to their habit of growth, all helping towards the goal of land-reclamation."

SHOOTING.

THE HARE.

By J. SIMPSON.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its drookit,
The hare likes the bracken the braid on the lea.

THE second of these two lines describes the habits of the hare briefly, but about as correctly as the longest chapter we have ever read on the subject. The lines are to be found in the pathetic little song called

"Lucy's Flittin'," by William Laidlaw, the companion and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott in his latter days. Scott added the last two verses, in one of which the line occurs. The hare likes the thin bracken of the dry uplands as a shelter for its form, which it leaves for the braid on the lea (young corn) in the early morning and evening. The hare has greatly decreased in numbers since the Ground Game Act came into force.

It used to be more or less abundant everywhere, affording the best of sport for the harriers; but on many large estates, where it was once common, it is now not only scarce, but rare. In Lincolnshire, Norfolk, East Yorkshire, near the Wolds, and elsewhere where the farms are large, a good many hares still add to the bag on shooting days, but the game books usually show a considerable diminution. On some large Scotch and English estates, where the game is looked after, hares are more plentiful, but still scarce comparatively. If the small holdings system, now so much advocated, extends as some anticipate, the hare will in all probability practically disappear. That is the experience up till now. Even the rabbit succumbs under such conditions.

Unlike the rabbit, the hare is easily exterminated, and one wonders how that can be if, as naturalists and keepers tell us, the hare is "remarkably prolific," breeds nearly as often as the rabbit, produces about as many at a litter—"usually five, and occasionally six or seven"—and breeds nearly all the year round. The rabbit's fecundity has been grossly exaggerated as far as the number of rabbits that grow up under the most favourable conditions in this country is concerned, and the same may be

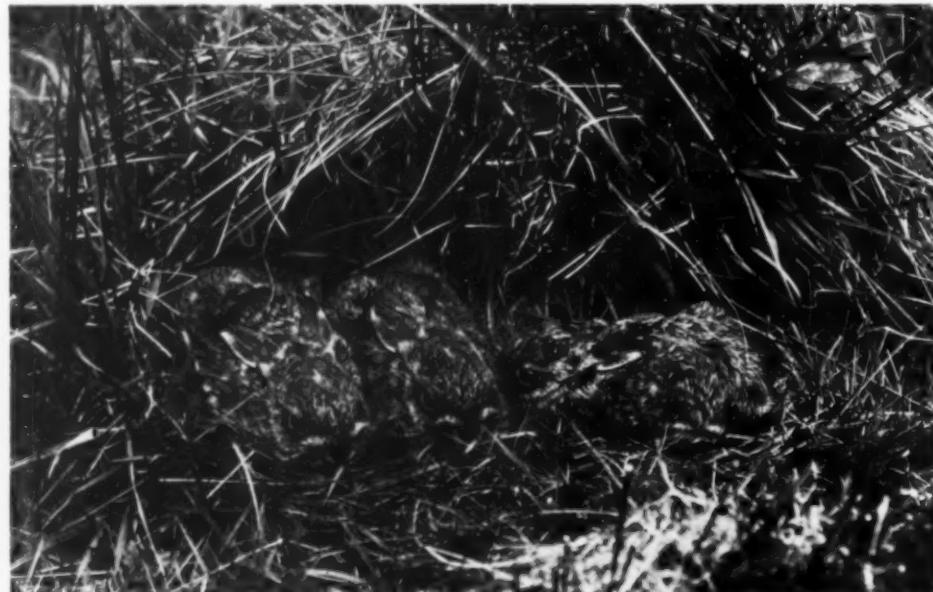
said of the hare. On one noted estate in Scotland, on a gravelly and sandstone formation, where hares were common, it did not appear, on the most liberal estimate, that more than one or, at most, two leverets were produced on an average by each doe at a time. The proportion of young observed did not indicate more than that. The hare is said to distribute her young, as soon as born, over a number of "forms" or shelters, for some reason or other that does not seem very clear, and to suckle them in turn. We

doubt if this story has ever been satisfactorily proved. We have frequently seen and handled young hares in the nest, but never found more than one there, nor any tenanted forms near by. That the hare may remove her young when disturbed is probable, but the reasons suggested are not quite satisfactory.

What ever number of young the hare may produce, one thing appears certain, and that is, that many young leverets are killed by vermin, such as hawks, cats, foxes

and, especially, weasels. The young hare is the most helpless of animals in the clutches of a weasel. It neither cries nor struggles once it is caught. On one of the estates referred to, where hares were plentiful, there were many weasels and also polecats, but we found the weasels the most destructive. They kill their prey and leave next to no mark, except where they fasten their teeth, usually behind the ear. On one occasion, when sitting quietly in a wood, we heard the peculiar squeak of a hare, such as it utters when first wounded or caught. The cry was not repeated; but on carefully exploring the tall grass in the direction of the sound we found a young hare, about a month or six weeks old, lying perfectly still in its form with a weasel fastened to its neck behind the ear draining its life away.

As regards the haunts and habits of the hare, it appears to thrive everywhere, and would, no doubt, soon become very numerous where sufficient stock was left and vermin kept down. The hare is a timid, helpless animal, neither so bold nor so active as the rabbit, which we have seen chasing a stoat till the latter took refuge on the top of a wall. Hare warrens in the true sense can hardly be said to have ever existed in this country. The



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. LEVERETS IN FORM IN ROUGH GRASS.

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hare does not lend itself to the system at all. It wants too much room, and is too timid and wild to breed and thrive in a warren apt to be disturbed in various ways. All the gamekeeper can do is to preserve breeding stock, keep his preserves quiet, exert himself to the utmost to keep down vermin, watch poachers and as far as possible conciliate tenant farmers on the estate. Again, unlike the rabbit, the hare goes further afield for its food, but does not injure corn crops to nearly the same extent. The rabbit eats steadily forward from the covert and goes over the same ground every day, but hares wander singly or in couples and seek a variety of food. The hare is, equally with the rabbit, regarded as a destroyer of young forest trees, but it is really not very troublesome in that way. I doubt if it often gnaws the bark of trees, which the rabbit does constantly to a most destructive extent. The hare nips the tops of larch and some other trees, but it is not to be feared very much even in that way. On the large estate in Scotland already referred to, where hares were numerous and there were no rabbits, wire-netting for the protection of plantations was never thought of. The hares patronised the kail-yards of the cotters when the snow lay deep, but they gave the forester no anxiety nor the farmers either. The hare likes best the dry, ferny uplands, thin woods and grass covert, and does not feed at night only, but may be seen at all hours of the day in open fields. Fights take place between the males, and nothing more absurd and laughable could, we think, be imagined than a hare-fight. They stand up on their hind legs and clout each other with a will. We once saw a good illustration of a hare's ability with its paws. Many years ago, a showman in a small way perambulated the country with a cageful of trained canaries and goldfinches, accompanied by a fine tame hare, the duty of which was to stand on a table and beat the drum vigorously, when its turn came to perform, and this it did effectively. We have heard of tame hares, but never saw any except this one. The hare is said to be more easily killed than a rabbit, and sometimes to die of fright or excitement. On one occasion a full-grown hare got into a kitchen garden where we happened to be at the time. In chasing it out it took shelter between some wooden shutters, where it was caught. One could feel its heart thumping like a hammer, and when it was dropped gently over the fence into the field it rolled over dead after hopping a few yards. It is a popular belief that Nature has placed the eyes of the hare so prominently on each side of its head that it can see equally well behind or before. Be this as it may, it certainly does not always make the best use of its eyes in front. A hare will, at times, approach human beings, when standing quite still, in broad daylight, until it can almost be touched by the hand. It then sits down on its haunches till the person moves, when it is off at full speed. We have known a hare come leisurely



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

SQUATTED.

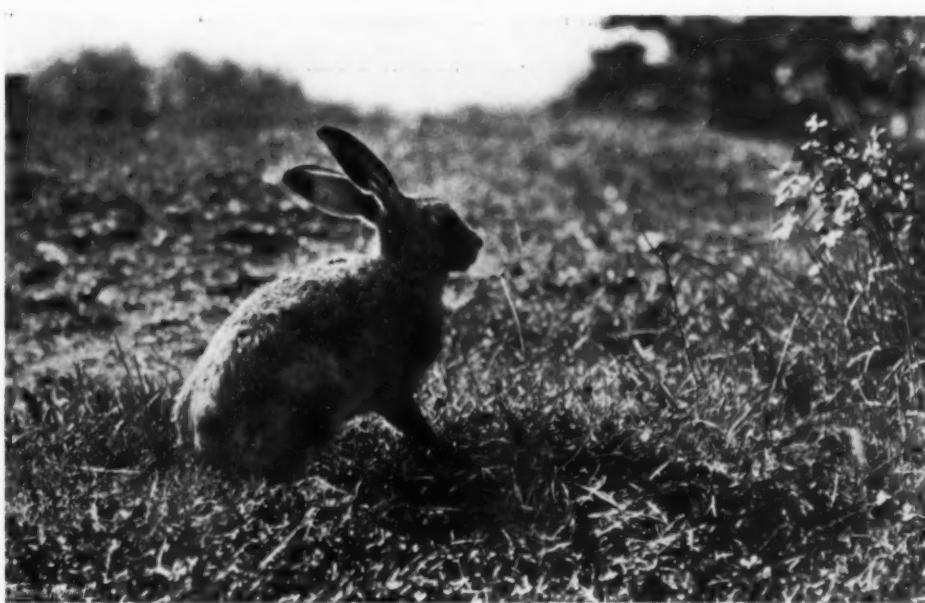
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towards us for nearly roodys, on an open grass field, and then sit down quite near as if considering the situation, working its mobile nostrils, evidently suspicious, and then move off as leisurely if we did not move. It is movement that disturbs wild animals most.

Reverting to hare warrens again, I see that a number of enquiries have cropped up lately on the subject. My occupation, in connection with woods and game preserves in many parts of Great Britain, has often afforded opportunities of discussing the subject; but I have never seen or heard of a real hare warren conducted on practical lines. Yet, although authorities on natural history assert that the common hare "has never been known to breed in confinement in Europe," the latest writers on "practical game preservation" say that it does breed under such conditions, and give plans of pens in hare warrens, such as are used in poultry runs, only bigger, in each of which several does and one buck are to be confined for breeding purposes, and handled like rabbits if necessary. If this can be done, it ought to be made known; but I doubt it very much. I thought it was pretty well known that the hare would not breed in confinement, and the fact is recorded in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Equally doubtful are "practical" game-preservers' assertions—which, if true, would render the very existence of the hare precarious and make warrens impossible—to the effect that we are "entirely mistaken in the very general idea that hares and rabbits take similar food," that the hare can scarcely be termed a grass-feeding animal at all, that there are only one or two grasses and clovers that it will eat; but that it greedily devours sow-thistles, many garden vegetables and a great variety of popular garden flowers, including nasturtiums, which is the favourite. Certainly the rabbit does not despise these, but the hare has few chances of getting at them, and one surmises that the depredations of rabbits have been mistaken for those of the hare, the habits of which are not yet understood even by game-preservers.

HEATHER-BURNING.

THE season has not been at all a good one over most of the grouse country of our islands for the work of heather-burning. The weather has been too bad or the heather has been over wet most of the time. It is now too late to do any more of that good work, but there is another department of the grouse-keeper's business in which he need not be inactive for some while to come, and that is looking after the water supplies for the birds all over the moor. Of course, such a counsel as this is an impertinence and a foolishness to the keeper on those moors where up-to-date methods are followed. All these and many more modes of assistance to the birds' welfare will be seen to as a common matter of course. Unfortunately, there are still a good many moors—quite an unreasonably large number of moors—where methods are still very antiquated. Seeing what splendid object-lessons exist in the well-conducted shootings, it is quite wonderful that the owners of any moor, even if the keepers themselves are careless, should not be at the pains to send



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. STARTING FORTH ON A RAMBLE.

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the keepers to learn how things ought to be done by means of a look over the moors where all is done really well. If the keeper is too obstinate to learn, he were better somewhere else, perhaps at some other trade; but there is a semi-feudal relationship still existing in some parts between keepers and owners of shootings, which makes the latter loth to part with one of the former if he has served him, though badly, for a large number of years. There is something rather attractive in this sentiment, but it does not conduce to getting the best that might be had out of a moor.

WATER SUPPLY FOR THE GROUSE.

Even so, however, it is perhaps still possible, without sending a stubborn old keeper to a better-managed moor (where, after all, he will only illustrate the proverb that it is easy to take a horse to the water, but that he will only drink when he wants to), to convince him that it is a good thing to stop back the little rivulets and runnels and form many reservoirs, so that the birds may find water near their nests when the thirsty summer comes. Indeed, they insist on having water near by, and the effect of a lack of water in the summer over a large area is that the birds will not nest there. That is the short conclusion of the matter. It makes all that extent of the moor unproductive. Yet, generally speaking, there is no need that it should be so. It is not often that you find an area of any large extent so bereft of all springs and streams that by some judicious damming back you cannot save up for the young birds the little that they will need in the early days when they are not able to follow their parents very far in search of the water. This is a species of *pudding* which has been proved by the eating over and over again, for on many a moor, by the damming of the streams so as to form reservoirs in this way, birds have been induced to come and nest over large portions of it which were entirely without a nest before. It is very curious, and gives a strong indication of the enquiring and intelligent nature of the grouse, how quickly they seem to learn when the conditions of a hillside have thus been changed for them and made suitable for their nesting.

THE KEEPER'S EDUCATION.

As a rule, following the education of the grouse-keeper from the days when it seemed almost impious to suggest that anything could be done to improve the stock of grouse by taking special care for their welfare, when it seemed that any such idea was derogatory to the natural wild character of the bird and brought it down to the level of the partridge of the ploughland or the semi-domesticated pheasant in the coverts—starting from that point as from a zero, it seems as if the first enlightenment of the keeper's mind led him to realise that something might be done for the grouse by keeping down the vermin, the hoodie crow, the stoat and the rest of the enemies—on some moors the gull, the rook and the jackdaw. Secondly, it began to dawn upon him that there was virtue in burning off the useless old long heather, and so allowing its place to be taken by the younger with the juicy shoots, on which the birds, young and old, but the former especially, love to browse. It was a great step when he



C. Reid.

SCENTING DANGER.

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had begun to realise that any good end could be served by such a radical interference as this with the common course of Nature. To learn that the heather should be burnt in small patches, not in long strips, was a further lesson of detail which he came to learn afterwards. But it was quite a later idea to him that there could be anything in giving the birds this more or less artificial water supply spoken of. That is, comparatively speaking, a recent invention. Finally (at least, for the present moment finally), he has come to learn that on moors where there is any natural deficiency of lime and grit, which help the digestion of the bird and give it the materials for eggshell making and other useful elements, these can be supplied and supplemented by his action.

DRAINING THE SOUR GROUND.

Besides those parts of the moor where it is necessary to dam back the streams to form reservoirs because of their dryness, there are sure to be other areas also on which the water is not in deficiency, but in excess—water-logged, sour ground, which will not grow the proper crop of heather at all—and this, too, it is possible to turn into productive, sweet ground by the opposite process of effectively draining it. In fact, by the modern methods, there are very few portions of any moor on which it is not feasible to make good the ground for carrying a fair head of grouse. Just at the moment, while birds are actually nesting, the moor had best be left alone, and at peace. A few marked nests here and there may be looked at from time to time to give an indication of the stock of young birds, but any considerable passing to and fro over the hill is best avoided just at this time.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

What is certain to prove an inestimable boon to the gamekeeper, egg-collector and naturalist is a recent ingenious invention, shortly to be placed on the market—an egg-belt. It is made in various sizes for pheasant, partridge and grouse eggs, and is called the Foster Mother, while there is a graduated one for the naturalist and collector called the Naturalists' Companion. For the gamekeeper the belt serves a dual purpose. First it acts as foster-mother to eggs that have been once sat upon, and if worn underneath the keeper's waistcoat will keep eggs warm for thirty-six hours, or any reasonable time, until a hen can be procured to place them under, with the absolute certainty that every fertile egg will hatch out. Then it is a perfectly safe carrier, and as such invaluable for conveying eggs from one beat to another, a very important part of a gamekeeper's work, which is equal to an introduction of new blood on a beat. It obviates all risks of eggs being shaken, broken, or infected with any scent which might cause the bird to forsake her nest, a disease which has often been occasioned by eggs being carried in the pocket, the shirt bosom, or the hat, the usual crude methods employed by the gamekeeper. Some such invention as this has been sorely needed in the past, indeed, ever since hand-rearing of game came into practice. For the collector the belt will be invaluable, graduated as it is to carry eggs of all sizes from the tit's to the raven's. The inventor is Mr. T. Vale of The Hall, Leominster, Herefordshire.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

END OF THE FOURSOME SEASON.

WHAT we may call the foursome season is for the moment past, and we enter now upon the more strenuous business of single matches and scoring competitions in which no man is able to say "Oh, you know, it was all the other fellow's fault." The amateur foursome tournament gave a series of splendidly close matches up to the very last, in which Ashdown Manor snatched a victory from Mid-Surrey after being four holes down on the morning round. This was glorious. Rather inglorious and unfortunate was the end of the professional tournament, poor Jack White being taken with the influenza. So a "walk-over" was all that the final stage of this tournament had to give us, just as it did last year—most unlucky! But there is a hope that Duncan and Mayo, the winners, will have a big match with White and Sayers a little later, when the former of this latter pair is himself again.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

We begin now to think about championships, open and amateur, and about Olympic Games—those of us, at least, who are able to bear the thought of the last, for to some they appear to be intolerable. I have an idea that

Vardon is going to win the open championship again this year; and as for the amateur, that seems even more open than the "Open," to speak after the proverbial fashion of that green adjacent island which wants the amateur championship to pay it a visit. How would it be if the amateur champion ship delegates were to say that they would wait to give an Irish green the championship until an Irishman won it? Then there would be a motive (what they call in law "valuable consideration") for crossing the undulating Channel in order to bring back the cup. But as to who is to win it this year, what shall we say? Is there any particular reason why Mr. John Ball should not go on winning it year after year until he is a very old man? I cannot see any. Still, I cannot remember that he ever has won it at Sandwich (probably I am wrong, for he has won it nearly everywhere); but that, again, would be no particular reason why he should not win there this year. It might make him try all the more, and when he is really trying there is trouble—for the others. We all know that there is one man who deserves to win—Mr. Graham. But will he ever? We begin to doubt it.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

Mr. Graham's name suggests the international match. The Scots are always, or nearly always, too good for the Sassenachs—that is to say, in the

amateur class. With the professionals it is otherwise. This year we have suffered loss. Mr. Barker has gone—gone from amateur ranks and from England, to be a professional in the United States. We want new blood badly, and yet hardly know where to find it. Yet we—that is, England—taught Mr. Graham all that he knows about golf (and he knows too much), and he invariably wins his match in this international encounter.

CHANGES ON VARIOUS COURSES.

Generally speaking, golf courses have been in very good order for the Easter holiday golfer this year. Grass has been late in growing, like most other things, owing to very cold spring weather; but the rain has kept the courses good notwithstanding, and it has been an admirably open winter for the work of the greenkeeper. The greenkeeper appears to have taken advantage of it, especially in satisfying the Oliver Twist-like appetite of the modern golfer for more bunkers, and though courses have been in good order, we have often found them increased in difficulty. Interest is being added to the new Tooting Bee course, which lies back to back with Mitcham, by giving additional hazards. At Ganton, although it was already a sufficiently hard school to put some finish even on Harry Vardon's game, something of the same kind is in progress. Many courses at which changes are required are tightening up the width of the clear way. There is talk of a new course at Gullane; Lundin and Leven links are undergoing changes; a new Welsh links at Pennard, near Swansea, is spoken of as promising to be quite of the first class; the Mid-Surrey green is being bunkered anew to make it a little more dramatic; and we all know that even at St. Andrews itself a new course is in prospect, though as to the exact arrangements about it it seems that no mortal man ever is to know. So there is, at any rate, great business, and a great deal more than is mentioned here. We shall see the result of it all later on.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE.

Perhaps they have not added lately to the hazardous difficulties of the already rather hazardous and more than sufficiently undulatory Brighton and Hove course, but certainly they have added to its length, which really was rather too much on the short side. Even with the additions it still lacks a few yards of the round six thousand which seems to be the measure to which all modern self-respecting courses aspire. Braid had altogether the better of Taylor in the matches which they played there one day last week. The morning round, in which each had a local professional as partner and a four-ball game was played, was a close affair, and Braid only just won it; but in the afternoon he had the better of Taylor by four and two to play, which is a balance of defeat that the latter does not often have to admit. He is said to have been a good deal off his putting, which is not at any time a strong feature of his game. Generally, however, he puts his mashie approaches so close that there is virtually no putting to do.

H. G. H.

THE HANGER HILL COURSE.

The greatest charm, perhaps, of Hanger Hill is the beauty of its situation. It is so open and free to all the airs that blow; the Jerry-built townland of small houses has not yet crept up to the verdure of its hillside and threatened it with submersion in friable bricks and mortar. If in the winter months the golf is on the heavy side, the compensation on the other side of the account is gathered by the players in the spring, summer and autumn. In these three seasons of the year Hanger Hill must be an ideal haunt of the golfer and his lady who love a quiet game amid picturesque surroundings, without much danger of being harassed at every tee and putting green. There are a good many holes of capital length for those who love to seize the opportunities of showing their driving power with the wooden clubs. But perhaps the most interesting holes are the short ones, just because they seem to be so deceptively easy. The second hole, for example, will destroy many more scoring cards carried by the vain-glorious than, say, the fourteenth, which is a good three-shot hole to the strongest-limbed player. The fifteenth, sixteenth and eighteenth are also particularly good holes; and assuredly few courses in the country have a finer finish by way of a home green, guarded well, than Hanger Hill. That beautiful lawn, with the hole almost under the windows of the club-house, with the scrutinising crowd of ladies and gentlemen in chairs watching the final putts, is assuredly one of the best golfing assets of the club. Colonel Newell, the secretary, a Sikh officer with long military experience in India, genial and debonair in his welcome to all, takes a vigilant pride in seeing the green kept in the pink of condition for all classes of players.

GOLF ON MITCHAM COMMON.

With reference to the notes on this subject that appeared in this column a fortnight ago, a well-informed correspondent writes to reinforce the statements therein contained by adding that the Mitcham Conservators cannot put an end to the tenancy of the Prince's Golf Club at any time by paying the compensation of £2,500 provided for in the agreement "because under the deed the payment does not become due until 1930, and cannot be paid until then. If it is not paid then, the club continues its tenancy until it is paid." Taking as an authority a statement contained in the report of the Town Clerk of Croydon, it was stated in the same note on the game at Mitcham that golf "or any other game" might be played on the golf links. In this both the Town Clerk and the writer appear to have fallen into an error which it is desirable to put straight. According to the deed between the Conservators and Prince's Club, the correspondent points out, "no game except golf can be played on the links, while the Conservators also covenant to protect the club, their tees, the putting greens, the bunkers and all the natural features that minister to the enjoyment of the game on the common. They also undertake to prevent unauthorised persons from playing golf, or riding on, or placing horses or cattle on any part of the links." As against the imprudent attempts that are occasionally made by a certain aggressive section of the public to interfere with golfing rights at Mitcham, these extracts show that the case of the Mitcham golfers is hedged round with more safeguards than is usually imagined; and something like a public service is rendered to the community hostile to Mitcham

golf by making the legal conditions governing the playing of the game there absolutely clear.

GOLFERS AND THEIR WHISKY.

If there is any consumable liquid for which the community of golfers are willing to go bail, it is the unassassable purity and high standard of their club whisky. The other day a well-known London golfer, anxious to assuage a strong thirst engendered by a hard round in a sudden burst of hot summer-like weather, asked the waiter to bring him So-and-So's "Irish pot still" with a bottle of seltzer. The waiter had the air of a young man who was suddenly called upon to solve an ingenious riddle. He discreetly intimated that he "would ask," and disappeared in quest of light and leading from the steward. Presently he returned to the parched and impatient player and said, "Very sorry, sir, but we don't keep any Irish; it's all Scotch," and he mentioned a name which was neither Highland nor Lowland as the factory of that ambrosial liquid.

WHISKY AS A MYSTERY AND A FACT.

The evidence now being given before the Royal Commission as to the merits of the patent still and the pot still blends is calculated to destroy a good many illusions long cherished by golfers as well as by other consumers of a wholesome product. Nearly all the witnesses are vague in their ideas about the merits of the two products, or which, indeed, is the better of the two. They seem all to agree, however, that both kinds of whisky are vitiated by "impurities," the one being a greater sinner in this respect than the other. An analytical chemist told the Commissioners the other day that he had extracted "the impurities or secondary products from half a gallon of pot still and from the same quantity of patent still whisky, and had swallowed the whole of these impurities. The result was negative." So far this is consolatory, and as far as observation goes threatened revelations about the chemical constituents that make up either pot still or patent still whisky do not appear to have any effect in weaning the golfer from his allegiance to his favourite restorer of exhausted energies.

THE DRINK OF THE OLD GOLFING RACE.

Though the majority of the old golf clubs were mainly Scots, it does not seem from the ancient records that the national beverage was a customary drink at their festive gatherings. Claret, punch, port and champagne were apparently preferred. Take the old Blackheath Club as an illustration. Its history goes back to 1608, and its minutes are available from early in the eighteenth century. The membership, judging by the Highland and Lowland names, was over 90 per cent. Scottish—Scots who had come to England for the benefit of the Empire. These old golfers dined every medal day, and they made it a penal offence against the members to miss the club dinner. Yet they eschewed their native liquor, except perhaps as a subsidiary help to the long-drawn-out toast-list. The Blackheath golfers on one occasion gave a public breakfast to "the ladies and gentlemen of the Heath and its neighbourhood." They ordered two rounds of beef, two hams, one fillet of veal, twelve pair of chickens, with melons, grapes, apricots, apples and pears, and "cakes of sorts." But let the list of liquors be noted. They were: "Punch, sherry, port, cyder, porter—and water." No mention of usquebaugh. Besides, all the infractions of club etiquette were levied under the formula of "a gallon of claret," the equivalent being one guinea. When old Scottish members, far removed from the links, made a present of liquor to their old friends it generally took the form of a riddle of claret, a hogshead of Jamaica rum or a case of champagne. Was this lack of patriotism due to the fact that the usquebaugh was recognised to be the usual potion of thirsty players, and that the festive board should be graced with something richer and better, as if a Scottish Horace had said that he would never mix the wine of the festive medal-day dinner with the vineyard of his Highland hills?

GOLF AND SHOOTING.

It has been stated that golf is one of the chief causes of the decline of shooting. Apparently the main ground upon which the statement is based is the fact that a company of manufacturers of ammunition and cartridges has recently paid an appreciably smaller dividend to its shareholders than before. It seems, however, to be a too wide inference to make that, because golf has grown in popularity of recent years, its growth is responsible for the decline in the number of those who have adopted shooting as one of their favourite recreations. The statement, indeed, looks very much as if it were an excuse made at a random venture, on the principle that when a sanguine observer of life out of doors sees a solitary swallow, he dogmatically asserts the indisputable inference that summer has come. Before one accepts the doctrine that golf has injured shooting, a great many economic facts connected with the trade and its methods of production would have to be known and carefully sifted. Then only could a final decision be made as to the true cause of a decline in cartridge and ammunition consumption. There is always the wide area of cheap foreign competition to think about, with, perhaps, the no less important economic cause of improvements in patents, both in guns and in ammunition. But, judging by one's own observation and golfing experience, there never seems to be any slackening in the desire of golfers with leisure and means to utilise all the opportunities they can to vary their golf matches with many days of shooting. Indeed, golf seems to give a fillip to shooting, for both amusements widen the area of sporting activities, and an interchange of recreation between the links and the covert prevents a sportsman from becoming painfully stale in each.

NISBET'S GOLF YEAR-BOOK.

This useful book of reference, edited by Mr. John L. Low, has just been published for the year 1908. In addition to the features which have already won high appreciation among golfers, this handy book of reference contains some new points of interest which serve to increase the usefulness of the volume. One of these new features is a list of all the clubs divided into their respective counties, so that a player searching for the name of a club in any county may find it without difficulty. The great object has been to facilitate the work of reference when consulting the club directory. But the most valuable feature of the book is the annotation of the rules undertaken by the editor and Mr. Ernest Blackwell. These notes to the rules have been

carefully revised so as to agree with the latest official decisions of the Rules Committee. The object of the editors here is to give as clear guidance as they can on the most frequent points of common dispute among players as to the correct reading of the rules.

Mr. Low also reviews in an article the chief golfing events of 1907, including the House of Lord's decision in the Haskell Ball Case, Mr. Everard's "History of the Royal and Ancient Club" and the Rev. Dr. Tulloch's "Life of Tom Morris." Mr. Bernard Darwin also contributes an article dealing with the increase in the number of entries for the amateur championship, discussing therein whether or not a qualifying scoring round may be desirable. The book also contains a professional and amateur "Who's

Florence was chiefly noticeable for the very fine short game of the champion. The younger sister hit longer balls off the tee, but the intermediate parts of her game were inferior in the quality of precision to those revealed by the winner. Our illustrations show the finalists in play. A. J. R.



MISS F. HEZLET, THE RUNNER-UP.

Who?", with maps of some of the championship courses. It is published by James Nesbitt and Co., 21, Berners Street, W., price 2s. 6d.

THE IRISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss May Hezlet has won the Irish ladies' championship for the fifth time, being opposed in the final round by her sister, Miss Florence Hezlet. The recent competition held at Portrush was the fifteenth year of the gathering in Ireland, and on all hands it was admitted that the meeting was a successful one. There was an entry of fifty-three ladies for the tournament, and the weather on the whole was favourable. The full course played over by the men was used by the ladies, and the scores returned in the scoring competition on the opening day show that the Irish ladies have nothing to fear by way of comparison with the men in the excellence of their scores. Miss May Hezlet returned 86, Miss Florence Hezlet 87 and Miss M. E. Stuart 88, while Mrs. Cuthell (known in earlier years as Miss Rhona Alair), Miss Violet Hezlet and Miss Harrison tied for fourth place. In the championship itself the matches in the first round were a little one-sided, due perhaps to the strong cross-wind and the rain after midday. Mrs. Hezlet and her four daughters came through the first round successfully. On the second day there were three Hezlets left among the last four players out of a field of fifty-three, Miss M. E. Stuart being the fourth. In the semi-final, Miss Violet and Miss Florence Hezlet were drawn together, and a finely-contested match between the sisters ended in the last-named winning by one hole. Miss May Hezlet was occupied at the same time in disposing of Miss M. E. Stuart, whom she beat rather easily by six and five. The final between May and

CORRESPONDENCE.
THE ABANDONED BALL.

SIR,—With reference to the remarks in your issue of March 21st on the above question, may I make a suggestion which seems to me to be the necessary complement to the proposal brought before the Moray Golf Club? It is that golfers should stamp their initials, or some other distinctive mark, upon their golf balls. Balls so stamped should not be considered as abandoned, but as recoverable by the owner, on payment of a fee of, say, 3d. to the finder and 1d. to the club. Sheriff Webster's excellent proposal that "all golf balls abandoned become the property of the club" should, I think, apply only to unmarked ones. It seems a little harsh that a player who cannot find a new ball within the 5min., but knows within a little where it is, should sacrifice it to the club. Last year when playing at Lossiemouth, where hundreds of balls are annually lost in whins and bents, I adopted the plan of initialling, with the result that more than one caddie returned me balls which they and I could identify as my own. If this were done generally it would, I think, check illegal traffic by caddies, and be the means of restoring to the owner, at nominal cost, many a new ball sliced or pulled into the rough. I imagine that even the unscrupulous golfer would hesitate before playing with a ball which had another player's initials or mark upon it, while to cut out the marks would render it unplayable. There is no difficulty in marking balls; a small steel stamp, with letters one-eighth of an inch in length, is procurable anywhere. The indentations, though always discernible, are more easily so if inked in with an etching pen.—LEWIS D. WIGAN.



MISS M. HEZLET, THE WINNER.



MISS M. HEZLET PLAYING FROM BUNKER ON THE WAY TO SIXTH GREEN IN THE FINAL

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPRINGTIDE IN VIRGINIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think this extract from a niece's letter may interest some of your readers, as it tells of country life other than that your delightful paper gives us: "March 22nd. Here last week we had some lovely days, warm and sunny and beautiful, then on Friday down came the snow putting white bonnets on the daffodils which had just come out. However it is gone again except for a patch here and there and we hope spring will stay with us now. Our garden is blue with violets and golden with daffodils, but the frost has almost gone for the forsythia and yellow jasmine. Trees are beginning to bestir themselves; the maples, who blushed red at loosing their leaves, are now blushing as they dress their naked limbs with a tiny scarlet flower in little clusters, some male and some female, making the trees look like scarlet coral. The birds, too, are beginning to sing; but though I know they must be singing 'of love and desire' like the English birds, they make me feel homesick for the thrushes and blackbirds, for I do not seem to understand their songs. I heard a red bird (Cardinal) quietly practising some of his notes and know that he will be a fine singer soon, and he looks splendid flashing about in the sun. The so-called robins are very plentiful, but in their habits and size are more like our fieldfares."—B. E. C.

CURIOUS GROWTH OF PRIMROSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having seen in your issue of the 28th ult. a letter from Mr. James Coster describing a "curious growth of primrose," I thought it might interest you to hear that we have found the same peculiarity in a plant in our garden, the primrose being a red one.—L. GOODWIN.

COUNTRY MAY FESTIVALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you please let me ask May festival organisers to send me the following particulars to complete and keep up to date my register: The place, year of foundation, date of festival 1908, May Queen's name, age, crowner, public procession or not, organiser's address? Is there a well-dressing?—JOSEPH DERDY, Hon. secy. May Queen Register, Bromley Common, Kent.

THE PIT CLUB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me where I can get any information concerning the Pitt Club? The snuffbox of which I enclose a picture has the Dublin hall mark of 1814, and the makers' mark is ^{C. T.} _{J. W.} It is 2½ in. x 2 in. x ¾ in. It was bought for me some years ago in Eastern Canada. It belonged to a farmer who had inherited it from his wife some thirty years



COVER OF SNUFFBOX.

before. The employer, who collected old silver, gave it to her at her marriage. I shall be much obliged if you can tell me where to look up its early history.—M. H. T.

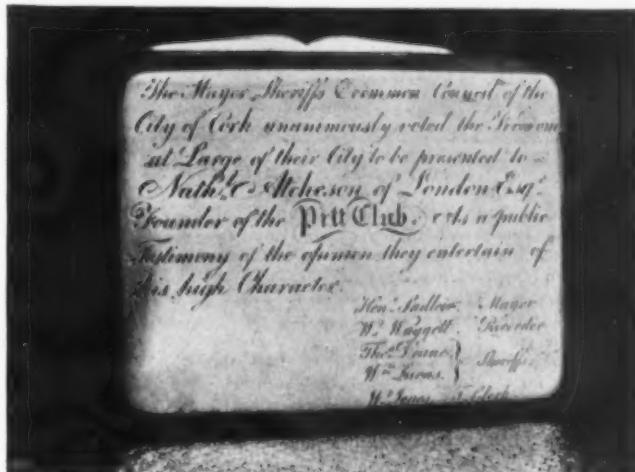
MEASURING THE HEIGHT OF TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am writing to ask if you would let me know how I could ascertain the height of a certain tree, wellingtonia, which is growing upon the lawn at this establishment. I have heard there is a method by which the height can be found out, but as I do not know the method, I ask for your help. I am also anxious to know the name of a plant which is growing in the greenhouse, so I enclose a leaf of the plant.—N. P., Stroud, near Christchurch, Hants.

[To measure the height of a tree whose summit is so distinct as that of a wellingtonia is readily to be performed with instruments devised for the purpose; with care it may be even estimated by the aid of a 2ft. rule. The latter method must be only undertaken on the level. The tree being perpendicular, a line from the eye to a point of sight on the tree trunk, which line runs on the horizontal, will form a right angle with the tree. That angle is to be taken as the apex of an isosceles triangle, of which the two equal sides are the tree above the point of sight and the distance of the eye from the point of sight. We learnt, perhaps painfully, by the "asses"

bridge," that two sides of a triangle are equal when the two angles are equal. The apex angle being a right angle, the two remaining angles must be each half a right angle. A 2ft. rule fixed at the half open with a string from end to end forming the base of a right-angled triangle may be held one side quite level before the eye. The observer will move with it to the place where glancing along the lower side held level he aims for the point of sight and without change of level glancing up the string its aim hits the top of the tree. The height of the tree is then the distance of the eye from the point of sight and add the height from the point to the ground. The distance may be paced or measured. The disadvantage of this simple method is the difficulty in maintaining accurate position of the foot rule. This difficulty has been neatly eliminated in a pocket instrument made by Stanley, Turnstile, Holborn, in which a mirror set at an angle of 45deg. brings the tree top down alongside our direct view of the trunk. The place



SNUFFBOX: REVERSE.

where this conjunction is observed to occur, as we walk with the instrument to our eye, is the place from which measurement as above must be taken. The name of the plant is Chlorophytum elatum variegatum.—ED.]

THE TAWNY OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been obliged to set my keeper to kill rabbits that were destroying some young trees that have lately been planted. On Tuesday, March 31st, he put a ferret in a hole; the ferret immediately beat a hasty retreat. Upon looking for the cause he found a tawny owl sitting on four eggs. The burrow is in the earth, on the side of a bank in a wood, and there are no stumps or rocks near it. Is not this a strange place and time of year for an owl to be sitting on a full clutch? The owl does not seem to have been in the least disturbed by her visitor, for she is still sitting.—T. A. WYNNE EDWARDS.

[Not very unusual. The tawny owl's nest has frequently been found in rabbit holes. Its usual time for laying eggs is in the last fortnight of March.—ED.]

THE JACKDAW AS A PET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you care to know of yet another jackdaw? Mine was taken, when young, from an old church tower, and—because, perhaps, better things were expected of him—he was a downright wicked bird, a very imp of mischief. At the same time I had a most unfriendly and vicious cat which could never be induced to enter the house. He was an excellent vermin-killer, and could tackle a rat equal to most terriers; therefore, it seems hardly credible when I tell you that Jack used to share the cat's bed every night in the coach-house. But so it was. The two strange friends slept together in box of straw, and were most amiably inclined one to the other. His mischievous tricks and cunning, in spite of his upbringing in the sacred edifice, were most charming and innumerable. Times out of number have I lost my keys, brooches and thimbles. He would fly in at my open bedroom-window and work such havoc with anything bright or glittering and of a movable nature on the dressing-table that "No bedroom-window to be left open at the bottom" was the rule of the house. Another interesting incident, to which I was an eye witness, took place two summers ago as I stood on a bridge in a small village of North Westmorland. Two young men, cyclists, rode up and dismounted to ask me some question relating to guideposts, etc., when, to my great astonishment, a jackdaw joined the trio. He hopped about on the coping and croaked for approval in the impudent way peculiar to his tribe, which, surely, no other bird possesses. He cocked his head at such a ridiculous angle when he "conversed" with his owner, who told me he and his friend had cycled from Northumberland, "doing the Lakes," with Jack all the way in close attendance, either flying ahead or perching on a shoulder. It is a deplorable thing that these delightful pets invariably meet with an untimely end. My poor Jack caught a severe chill and never recovered.—E. WHITESIDE.

THE LOOPS OF THE GRYFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To me, for one, Mr. Howe's charming photograph of the pretty trout stream winding through meadows recalls many a happy day



ANCIENT BED OF THE ARDECHE.

by the banks of the Gryfe, in Western Scotland. This little river is, indeed, strangely like the stream of the photograph; and the loops of the Gryfe, where it winds peacefully through lush meadows just beneath Kilmalcolm, are exactly similar in character to the pictured brook. The Gryfe is a much-fished water, and it was only possible to tempt the fat half-pounders of the meadows by using small flies on the most delicate of casts. Many an hour have I spent kneeling among the grass, and stalking the trout as they rose where the runs entered the pools. It was on these loops of the Gryfe that I first discovered, to my surprise, that a *Coch-y-bondhu*, dressed on a No. 0 eyed sneck, is one of the deadliest river flies one can use in Western Scotland. Of course in North Wales almost every fisherman looks on the *Coch-y-bondhu* as his main stand-by the season through. Its deadliness in Scotland is not so well known.—F.

DRESSING MOLESKINS

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]
SIR,—Can you or your correspondents give me directions for dressing moleskins?—SUSAN TRUEMAN,

[First by scraping get the skin quite clean and free from fat, etc., and also as thin as possible. To assist in this the skin should be well salted inside with common salt, put aside for a day and then soaked for two days more—taking it out once or twice in the course of the two days, rinsing in warm water and then putting back again—in a mixture of bran and water, made with boiling water and stood to cool, of about the thickness of pea-soup. When satisfied that the skin is clean and thin, put it in a pickling mixture of 1lb. of common salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of burnt alum to 1gal. of boiling water. Put the skin in when the mixture has cooled to the point that you can bear your hand in it. Let it soak for a day; take it out and hang it on a line (flesh side out) to dry. When just, or barely, dry knead well over the back of a chair, or some similar hard wooden edge; and the longer you knead the softer it will be. Put into the mixture again, let it soak for another day and repeat the drying and kneading process. The thinner the skin is scraped, and the more industriously it is kneaded, the better dressed it will be.—ED.]

THE GORGE OF THE ARDECHE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]
SIR,—Last autumn, shortly before the storms and floods which caused much devastation in the South of France, I journeyed down the Rhone



ARCH MADE BY THE ARDECHE RIVER.

to its tributary, the Ardeche, to view its wonderful limestone gorges, and particularly the great natural arch spanning the river at Vallon. Ages ago a great barrier of limestone stood in the course of the river, causing it to make a wide bend through a valley to the left. The limestone abounds in caves and holes. Gradually the water wore its way through the great barrier, 90ft. in thickness. The wear of floods gradually increased the aperture, and now the arch measures 193ft. in width and 110ft. from the bed of the stream to the top of the arch, the height of the rock being 215ft. One photograph shows the ancient bed of the river, now a fertile valley with chestnuts, vines and other fruits. The other photograph shows the great arch made by the stream in making its way.—G. E. THOMPSON.

A PROLIFIC EWE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may possibly be of interest to your readers. The ewe depicted in the photograph gave birth to eight lambs this year. Four of the lambs were born alive, but only one lived for a time, and that only for a day. The ewe is owned by Mr. Hosking, who farms Header's Farm, Teigngrace, South Devon, and he appears in the background of the photograph.—F. W. MARSHAL.

[The photograph of dead lambs is not very attractive.—ED.]

EELS AS LIVE BAIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not ever remember having heard of eels being used as live bait in this country; but for one fish at least in the East it has been long recognised that a live eel is by far the most killing lure. The eel-eater is that most gigantic of fresh-water siluroids known in Upper India as the goonch. This monster, the scientific name of which is *Bagarius Varrelli*, attains a weight of over 200lb. It is a hideous brute, with broad flattened head and cavernous jaws full of sharp teeth; in fact, a typical example of the catfish family. The goonch is found in all the large Indian and Burmese rivers. Sometimes these



THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

fish find their way into ponds, and I once caught several in a tank at Prome, close to the Irrawaddy. Very favourite places for goonch are the runs just below sluices of canal heads in the big rivers of Northern India. At Okla Weir, on the Jumna, nine miles from Delhi, there are numbers of goonch, and I have seen them lying motionless even in the fierce torrent of white water just below the open sluices of the great weir. Only one sort of eel is used as live bait, viz., the spiny eel (*Mastacembelus armatus*), commonly known among the natives as "Bahn." Specimens 1ft. or rather more in length are the right size for bait. The tackle used must be very strong, with wire or gimp next the hook. Natives use a stout hand-line with a large hook, and when they get hold of a goonch drag the great fish out by main force. Like many other Indian fresh-water fish, goonch feed from dusk until dark, and then again in the early morning, just after dawn. In spite of their hideous appearance they are not at all bad eating.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

WEATHER-COCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In his interesting article on "Weather-cocks," Mr. Parr has mentioned many of the reasons commonly given for the use of an effigy of a cock as a church vane. May I add something to what has been so well said, in further explanation of what, I have no doubt, has often puzzled many people. I have read that among the Persian magi, who, I suppose, might be called the philosophers and educators of the centuries about the date of the advent of Christ (see Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera" for some striking remarks regarding their principles and teaching), the cock was held in special reverence as wakening men from the greatest human enemy (as they taught), sloth, to devotion and labour. Great rewards were promised to any who fed the bird, or took care of him. May not, then, the selection of an image of this bird as the most fitting vane for a church be originally derived, as so many of our beliefs and customs are, from the East—from an Oriental idea imported in some way, perhaps, say, by the Crusaders?—W. A. SIMS.